

From the Spectator.

TITMARSH'S REBECCA AND ROWENA.*

THE plan of this jeu d'esprit is the most appropriate to the season of any of the various books that have been devised since Dickens first set the fashion of Christmas stories; for it is based upon the comic extravaganza which introduced the pantomime proper of the olden time, when pantomime aimed at a continuous action. In *Rebecca and Rowena* there is the same jovial defiance of times and manners as in the extravaganza, where the old "Lord of Misrule" might seem to have run riot; but there is in the book—what the theatre only attempted in a superficial way, if at all—a sensible if not a profound view of life and its affairs; good-natured hits at the predominance of sentiment and the presence of silliness in modern novels and theatrical pieces; with satire upon the conventionally perverted views of history, which only falls below the lofty style of the greater satirists by reason of the author's quiet and effortless jocularly.

The story of *Rebecca and Rowena* is a facetious continuation of *Ivanhoe*. The professed purpose is to correct an alleged error of novelists in treating only of the youth of their heroes and heroines, and closing their story with marriage, to the omission of so many years and such important periods of life. Perhaps the real purpose of so shrewd a critic as Mr. Titmarsh is to throw a little ridicule over Scott's failure in his heroines and heroes, as well as in his rose-colored exhibition of the age of chivalry. Rowena is painted as a pattern lady who neglects her duties, both as a wife and mistress, to discuss theology, dispense charity, and observe the holydays of the church. She henpecks Ivanhoe, keeps him at a distance on account of her royal birth, and loses no opportunity of twitting him with his love for Rebecca. Wamba the Jester is silenced; the castle is so intolerably dull that everybody avoids it; Ivanhoe takes to sporting and drinking, and finally resolves to join Richard the Lion-hearted in France. He is in close attendance upon the king at his siege of the castle of Chalus, and is left for dead in the breach when Richard is mortally wounded. The news of his death having been carried to England, Rowena marries Athelstane; and when Ivanhoe returns some years afterwards, it is to come upon an illustration of one of the most unsentimental passages in *Don Juan*. Smothering his vexation, Ivanhoe disguises himself, settles in York, and leads a moderately comfortable life till the death of Athelstane and Rowena; then he starts as a knight-errant; and, after slaughtering Infi-

dels in Prussia and Spain, rescues Rebecca at the siege of Valencia, and the scene drops upon their marriage; a few sentences indicating their future career. For "Nemesis is always on the watch;" and Mr. Titmarsh falls into the same custom, as regards Ivanhoe's second marriage, which he has written his book to ridicule.

There is no lack of variety and grotesque interest in what may be called the incidents of the piece; but the real interest arises from the manner in which the age of Richard the First is modernized, and the broad and general truths which lurk under much of the seemingly special satire. In this account of the Lion-hearted dancing and singing in the camp before Chalus, the jokes are of wider application than to kings and princes.

It pained him [Ivanhoe] to see a man of the king's age and size dancing about with the young folks. They laughed at his majesty whilst they flattered him; the pages and maids of honor mimicked the royal mountebank almost to his face; and, if Ivanhoe ever could have laughed, he certainly would one night, when the king, in light-blue satin inexpressibles, with his hair in powder, chose to dance the Minuet de la Cour with the little Queen Berengaria.

Then, after dancing, his majesty must needs order a guitar, and begin to sing. He was said to compose his own songs, words, and music; but those who have read Lord Campobello's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors* are aware that there was a person by the name of Blondel who in fact did all the musical part of the king's performances; and as for the words, when a king writes verses we may be sure there will be plenty of people to admire his poetry. His majesty would sing you a ballad, of which he had stolen every idea, to an air which was ringing on all the barrel-organs of Christendom; and, turning round to his courtiers, would say, "How do you like that? I dashed it off this morning." Or, "Blondel, what do you think of this movement in B flat?" or what not; and the courtiers and Blondel, you may be sure, would applaud with all their might, like hypocrites as they were.

One evening, it was the evening of the 27th March, 1199, his majesty, who was in the musical mood, treated the court with a quantity of his so-called compositions, until the people were fairly tired of clapping with their hands and laughing in their sleeves. First he sang an original air and poem, beginning,

Cherries nice, cherries nice, nice, come choose,
Fresh and fair ones, who'll refuse! &c.

The which he was ready to take his affidavit he had composed the day before yesterday. Then he sang an equally original heroic melody, of which the chorus was,

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the sea,
For Britons, never, never, never slaves shall be, &c.

The courtiers applauded this song as they did the other, all except Ivanhoe, who sat without

* *Rebecca and Rowena*: Romance upon Romance. By Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. Published by Chapman and Hall.

changing a muscle of his features, until the king questioned him; when the knight, with a bow, said, "he thought he had heard something very like the air and the words elsewhere." His majesty scowled at him a savage glance from under his red bushy eyebrows; but Ivanhoe had saved the royal life that day, and the king, therefore, with difficulty controlled his indignation.

"Well," said he, "by St. Richard and St. George, but ye never heard this song, for I composed it this very afternoon as I took my bath after the m    . Did I not, Blondel?"

Blondel, of course, was ready to take an affidavit that his majesty had done as he said; and the king, thrumming on his guitar with his great red fingers and thumbs, began to sing out of tune, and as follows—

COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL.

The Pope he is a happy man,
His palace is the Vatican;
And there he sits and drains his can,
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And then there's Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Soldan full of sin;
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased:
I've often wished, I hope no sin,
That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no—the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes;
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I'd rather not be him;
My wife, my wine, I love I hope,
And would be neither Turk nor Pope.

The ballad of King Canute, illustrating a well-known story, is an example of deeper thought and satire: at the same time, there is a boundary, not always easily to be defined, beyond which it becomes questionable whether ridicule should be pushed. Conventional hypocrisies, sentiments, and heroics, are bad, but avowed conventional sordidness is worse: men find no difficulty in acting down to low theories.

King Canute was very weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score;
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing
much and robbing more,
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

"Twixt the chancellor and bishop walked the king
with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver sticks
and gold sticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages—all the
officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he
chose to pause;
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers
dropped their jaws;
If to laugh the king was minded, out they burst in
loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was
clear to old and young:

Thrice his grace had yawned at table, when his
favorite gleeman sung;
Once the queen would have consoled him, but he
bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the
keeper of the seal;

"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys, served at dinner,
or the veal!"

"Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch; "Keeper,
't is not that I feel.

"'T is the heart and not the dinner, fool, that doth
my rest impair;

Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet
know no care?

O, I'm sick, and tired, and weary." Some one
cried, "The king's arm-chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my lord
the keeper nodded;

Straight the king's great chair was brought him,
by two footmen able-bodied,

Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably
wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he,
"over storm and brine,

I have fought and I have conquered! Where was
glory like to mine?"

Loudly all the courtiers echoed—"Where is glory
like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I
now, and old;

Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me
dead and cold;

Would I were, and quiet buried underneath the
silent mould!

"O, remorse, the writhing serpent, at my bosom
tears and bites;

Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out
all the lights;

Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed
of nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious
fires;

Mothers weeping, virgins screaming, vainly for
their slaughtered sires."

"Such a tender conscience," cries the bishop,
"every one admires.

"But for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my
gracious lord, to search:

They're forgotten and forgiven by our holy mother
Church;

Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the
lurch.

"Look! the land is crowned with minsters, which
your grace's bounty raised;

Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and
Heaven are daily praised:

You, my lord, to think of dying! on my conscience,
I'm amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my
end is drawing near."

"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers, (striving
each to squeeze a tear:)

"Sure your grace is strong and lusty, and may
live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the bishop roared, with
actions made to suit;

"Are you mad, my good lord keeper, thus to speak
of King Canute?"

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his majesty will do 't.

Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canaan, Mahaleel, Methuselah,

Lived nine hundred years apiece, and may n't the king as well as they!"—

"Fervently," exclaimed the keeper, "fervently, I trust he may."

"He to die?" resumed the bishop. "He a mortal like to us?"

Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*;

Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus."

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A severe illness, which interrupted the pleasing labors of Mr. Thackeray, has prevented him from illustrating his own text as usual. His place is ably supplied by Mr. Richard Doyle, who has caught the true comic extravaganza style in his designs: they are grotesque, not theatrical, and have nature and character in the heads.

From the Examiner.

Sir Francis Chantrey, R. A. *Recollections of his Life, Practice, and Opinions.* By GEORGE JONES, R. A. Edward Moxon.

No one, after reading this volume, will presume to question the variety or profundity of its author's classical erudition. That very rare work, the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, is at his fingers'-ends. The *Epistole* of the same ingenious writer have not escaped his research. Quintilian and Cicero are friends at his elbow. "*Ομηρου Ίλιάς*" is a familiar book to him. He has scanned the marvels of the *Historia Naturalis* with the elder Pliny. Ælian has made him free of the gossip of the *Varia Historia*. He has sauntered with Pausanias among the buildings, temples, statues of the '*Ἑλλάδος Περὶ ἡρώων*'. Is it surprising that he should have forgotten his English, if he had ever happened to acquire it?

Nevertheless, when one would write an English book, there are prejudices that would seem to exact some small preliminary knowledge of the language. Cicero has even gone so far as to remark (we need not quote the *De Oratore* to so profound a classic as Mr. Jones) that it is a disgrace not to be properly acquainted with our mother tongue—but we shall be content to observe, for our own parts, that to be reasonably acquainted with our mother tongue is no impertinent preface to the attempt to write in it. Mr. Jones has hardly been so sensible of this as it was desirable he should have been.

The volume opens thus (the reader will hardly need to be told that the words occasionally marked by Italics in our extracts have been so distinguished by us, and not by the author):

Sir Francis Chantrey was born at Norton, in Derbyshire, not far from Sheffield, in 1782. His father cultivated a small property of his own. To his son Francis he wished to give an education

suited to his station, and based on the best dictates of common sense, which through life the sculptor developed in a most exemplary manner, for whatever may be the opinion of the world as to his merits as an artist, or his accomplishments as a man, all agree in acknowledging his remarkable and undeviating sagacity.

In other words, the old gentleman wished to do something which he did not do, but which his son nevertheless developed, for everybody acknowledges it. It is very well that everybody does—because we are thus saved the trouble of explaining it.

At page 5 a well-known anecdote, of not a little interest in Chantrey's life, is thus darkly hinted at by Mr. Jones:

During the time that Chantrey was a carver in wood, he saw Mr. Rogers, and received employment from him. At an after period, when the artist had risen to eminence, the poet was reminded by the sculptor of their previous interview; and the frank, courteous, and friendly recognition of each other cannot be described adequately by any one after having been heard by many in the admirably descriptive language of the author of the "*Pleasures of Memory*."

That is, a thing which has been heard by many in admirably descriptive language cannot be described adequately by any one. Profound, but inconvenient. We would rather have had it told by any two, or half-a-dozen, than missed it altogether.

The supposed resemblance of his hero to two very remarkable faces is fondly dwelt upon by Mr. Jones. The first is to Shakspeare:

Soon after this time Chantrey went to Ireland, where he suffered so severely from a fever, that his recovery was doubtful; and in the progress of the disease he lost his hair, and was bald at his restoration to health, and so he remained during the rest of his life, which, however, rather improved than injured the character of his head; and to those who never saw the sculptor, a portrait of Shakspeare may supply a resemblance, as the pictures and prints of the immortal poet have often recalled his open countenance to the memory of his friends.

Whether it was the rest of his life, or his restoration to health, or the loss of his hair, which improved the character of his head, and what his baldness had to do with the openness of his countenance—we leave the reader to find out. The second resemblance is to Socrates, and here Mr. Jones, in the confidence of his classics, carries the likeness into mental qualities:

Amongst these busts there is a head of Socrates, to which Chantrey bore considerable resemblance, although the marble has a beard which conceals the mouth, and that feature of the English sculptor was the best in his face, and before he sunk into ill health it was of the most perfect form and beautiful expression. If the countenance had some similitude, so had the mind of the philosopher and the sculptor, for they were guided alike by strong reason and rigid investigation; both were slow to determine, and required the most accurate evidence for decision.

The vivid Socratic peculiarities, reminding the

reader of nobody else, will at once recall the Athenian sage, and establish the mental parallel. But was it the sculptor's head, or the sculptor altogether, that resembled the philosopher's bust? The faces of Socrates and Shakspeare had heretofore seemed to us a little unlike each other; but we live to learn.

At p. 33 Mr. Jones, describing his friend's visit to Rome, has this remark:

The villas in the neighborhood he thought elegant, and proved that variety in building, if under the guidance of good sense and propriety, tends much to the beauty of a country.

A very abstruse and important deduction. But did the villas prove it, or their admirer?

Another result of the sculptor's visit to Italy is stated at p. 51.

Chantrey believed that all which has been done may be exceeded when genius and ability are equal to the task; for, as Raphael has surpassed the lay-figure art of most of his predecessors, so no reason exists why Raphael should not be surpassed.

Thus we have only to find somebody greater than Raphael, and Raphael may be surpassed without the least trouble. The students of the Royal Academy will do well to lay profitably to heart this maxim recorded by their learned keeper.

Upon the subject of the favored institution Mr. Jones enlarges with frequent and natural fervor—"an institution," he exclaims,

An institution, censured by those individuals, who are little inclined to doubt their own judgment, or question their inexperience, and who have self-complacency enough to imagine that they can improve arrangements, which have been under the consideration of its members for seventy-nine years.

Benighted individuals! To think that what a snug and comfortable party of forty other individuals have been devising for their mutual advantage these seventy and nine years, could be in any manner improved by a hint from the vulgar world out of doors, who have no advantage in the matter!

At p. 182 Mr. Jones is again speaking of the institution, and of Chantrey's care for it:

With such opinions, it may be supposed that he was a great advocate for its permanency, and in his will bound his trustees to preserve his property for the use of the original establishment—an establishment that probably offers, more than any other in Europe, the best advantages for the progress of art; a fact proved by nearly all the great artists of the country having been educated under its roof, and whose members have graced the institution, and adorned the country.

We have heard, in the hanging and quartering days, of a man's members gracing the bridges or Temple bar, but how the great artist's members mentioned by Mr. Jones could possibly have graced the institution and adorned the country, passes our comprehension altogether.

However, Mr. Jones proceeds:

He thought any attempt disloyal to alter the constitution of the Royal Academy, as directed by the

gracious founder, which the sculptor considered an establishment given by that monarch to the individuals composing it, and to the state, as an accessory to the government for the improvement of taste in the country, without expense to the nation. For the institution of the Royal Academy of Arts is not a public, but private one, founded by the sovereign, and supported either by the means of the sovereign, or by its own, if it have or can acquire any.

Here our perplexity does not diminish. How could the sculptor have ever made such a blunder as to consider the gracious founder an establishment? "The state," "the government," "the country," "the nation," unite to rebut an assumption so perfectly incredible.

Mr. Jones, waxing more and more warm for his beloved institution, thus finally sums up its merits and claims:

The Royal Academy is grateful for the approbation and esteem evinced by the public, but it is in no way under public or government control, but the government may be said to be indebted to the sovereign for an institution for the promotion of Fine Art, without being the smallest expense to the nation. In all other countries, similar establishments are supported by the state, the monarch, and private subscription, and generally a small annual payment from the students, whilst the Royal Academy of England finds for itself the means for the end, by an annual exhibition of the works of the members, and of the candidates to become such. From this source, funds arise to support schools, under competent instructors, for study from the antique, from the life, from pictures by old masters, from draped figures, and for architecture, with a valuable library, and practical lectures on perspective.

It is, perhaps, severe to exact a very close connectedness of meaning in the heat of such composition as this—but if Mr. Jones intends to say, at the opening of these breathless and elegant sentences, that the government may be said to be indebted to the sovereign without being the smallest expense to the nation, we have only, as loudly as we can, to protest against an assertion so painfully unwarrantable.

An anecdote of Wilkie and Chantrey is told at p. 110.

Wilkie's confidence in Chantrey was such that, when finishing the picture of "The Chelsea Pensioners," the Duke of Wellington was sitting to Chantrey for his bust, which induced Wilkie to ask his friend if he would tell the duke that the sum named for the picture would be a very slender remuneration for the time and labor bestowed. Chantrey undertook this delicate office, and obtained for Wilkie an augmentation of the amount proposed, or expected by either party.

The connection between Goodwin Steeple and Tenterden Sands we have often pointed out to have been, contrary to the popular notion, close and reasonable. But how it could ever have followed as a consequence from "Wilkie's confidence in Chantrey," that "the Duke of Wellington was sitting for his bust," we really cannot undertake to explain. And as for what "either party" proposed, or what either party "expected," or,

indeed, who "either party" may have been, these also are quite insoluble mysteries to us.

Another anecdote is given thus at p. 116 :

When he had executed and erected the statue of George the Fourth, on the staircase at Windsor, the king good-naturedly patted the sculptor on the shoulder, and said, "Chantrey, I have reason to be obliged to you, for you have immortalized me;"* and this was said *with reason, for*, in defiance of all difficulties attendant on the representation of royal robes in sculpture, that statue *develops an appearance dignified and graceful, without being encumbered by the decoration of royal habiliments.*

How does the statue develop the appearance?—it would be curious to know that. And does Mr. Jones mean that Chantrey immortalized his majesty by disencumbering him of his royal habiliments—or what does he mean? The learned note from Horace fails to light up the text.

Nevertheless this does not prevent Mr. Jones from trying his friend Horace again. After a lapse of some fifty pages our old acquaintance is once more learnedly produced to illustrate a second anecdote of the monarch :

He frequently, with respectful caution, remonstrated with the monarch on some proposed and costly project formed by his majesty, for which the funds were inadequate, and generally succeeded in convincing the king.† The subject was good-humoredly dismissed, by George the Fourth saying, "Well, old gentleman, I suppose you must have your way;" *thus proving* that honest and judicious advice *will be listened to, when offered to those least subject to opposition or control.*

It has a solemn effect—but somehow does not help us on. And this—truth to say—is to be remarked of Mr. Jones' intense gravity in general, and of his Latin and Greek in particular. This must account for our leaving untouched several classical profundities which we had marked for extract.

One or two anecdotes derived from Mr. Leslie are more intelligibly told—though now and then tasting too much of the painter's palette.

Constable, in a letter to a friend describing the vanishing days previous to the exhibition of 1826, writes:—"Chantrey loves painting, and is always up stairs; he works now and then on my pictures; yesterday he joined our group, and after exhausting his jokes on my landscape, he took up a dirty palette, threw it at me, and was off."

Some years after this, he was seen to glaze the foreground of Constable's picture of "Hadleigh Castle" with asphaltum; and the artist, with some anxiety, said, loud enough for Chantrey to hear him, "There goes all my dew." A bystander asked the sculptor if he would allow Constable to use the chisel upon one of his busts; and he replied, "Yes." The cases, however, were not parallel, as the asphaltum could be, as indeed it was, removed by Constable from the picture.

At a public dinner where his health had been drunk, Constable told him that he should have made a speech, instead of merely returning thanks;

when Chantrey replied, "How many persons do you think were in the room who thought me a fool for not speaking? and how many would have thought me a fool if I had spoken?"

The sculptor's jokes with Turner, during the preparation for the exhibition, were continual. He heard that the great artist was using some water-color; he went up to his picture of "Cologne," and drew, with a wet finger, a great cross on the sail of a vessel, when, to his regret and surprise, he found that he had removed a considerable quantity of glazing color. However, Turner was not discomposed, and only laughed at the temerity of the sculptor, and repaired the mischief.

But occasionally the natural strength and honest unaffectedness of Chantrey compel even Mr. Jones to speak of them in an intelligible way. Thus—

Among men of merit, who fell into any peculiarity of manner in their works, he would try to rally them out of practices that seemed likely to injure their reputation or their works. He extended this jocular mode to others if he detected any affected peculiarity in their dress, manner, or habits, and often sought, by a good-natured practical remonstrance, to check this disposition. Among others, whenever he saw a man proud of, or cultivating, a superfluous growth of hair, or imitating a Raphaelesque appearance, he would with infinite humor present such a person with a shilling, and beg that he would encourage some hairdresser by his custom. He has been known to send by a friend to any eccentric character this practical and ludicrous remonstrance against singularity.

And again :

On one occasion, at a dinner-party, he was placed nearly opposite his wife at table, at the time when very large and full sleeves were worn, of which Lady C. had a very fashionable complement, and the sculptor perceived that a gentleman sitting next to her was constrained to confine his arms, and shrink into the smallest dimensions, lest he should derange the superfluous attire. Chantrey, observing this, addressed him thus : "Pray, sir, do not inconvenience yourself from the fear of spoiling those sleeves, for that lady is my wife; those sleeves are mine, and as I have paid for them, you are at perfect liberty to risk any injury your personal comfort may cause to those prodigies of fashion." Also, noticing a lady with sleeves "curiously cut," he affected to think the slashed openings were from economical motives, and said, "What a pity the dressmaker should have spoiled your sleeves! it was hardly worth while to save such a little bit of stuff."

A lady, one of his guests at dinner, wore a cameo brooch of the head of Michael Angelo; he said to her, "Always wear that brooch at my house, for it prevents me from growing conceited;" and he always had a flow of lively and good-natured trifles that made him agreeable to everybody.

He united with his apparent roughness and abrupt manner the genuine and valuable acts of politeness, for, although he has been heard to tell a lady to open the door, and other jocular freedoms, he always attended to their comforts, and rarely omitted going up with the ladies after dinner to see that the fire, the lights, and the curtains were all adjusted as they should be in the drawing-room, for no one better understood these minor acts of attention than himself; and when he found all

* Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est.—*Hor. Epist. lib. i., ep. 17.*

† Ibid.

arranged for their comfort, he returned to his guests in the dining-room.

Very pleasant, too, is the subjoined :

A friend of Chantrey's being at Lichfield Cathedral, and looking with others at the monument, heard a spectator observe, "How admirably the mattress on which the children are lying is represented!" but made no comment on the figures. When Chantrey was told of this remark, he observed, "that he who said so was a sensible, honest man, for he spoke of that which he understood, and of nothing else."

The best traits in the book, however, are those communicated in an appendix by Sir Henry Russell, who sat for his bust to the sculptor in 1822. A characteristic touch like the following is worth all Mr. Jones' readings in Quintilian and Cicero.

In going from the parlor to the studio, our way lay through a passage, on both sides of which there were shelves covered with his models of busts. In one corner stood a head of Milton's Satan, uttering, with a scornful expression, his address to the Sun. Sir Francis said, "That head was the very first thing that I did after I came to London. I worked at it in a garret, with a paper cap on my head, and, as I could then afford only one candle, I stuck that one in my cap, that it might move along with me, and give me light whichever way I turned."

Some capital opinions of Chantrey's, in reference to the Nelson Column atrocity, are also judiciously reported. The chimney illustration is admirable—and final.

"So," he said, "we are to have a column for the Nelson Monument; they are all wrong, and I have told them so. I do not mean to say that a column is not a fine thing; in itself it is a very fine thing; the taste of ages has proved that it is so, and any man would be a fool who attempted to deny it. But is it a thing suited to your purpose? Now, what is your purpose? To perpetuate the memory of a great man. Then durability is the quality you should look for. Those gimcrack things, you say you have been to see, of stone and metal combined, will never stand; the stone and metal will never hold together. Make a column as solid as you will, make it of blocks of stone piled like Dutch cheeses upon one another, still the stone will crumble, and vegetation will take place in the joints. Besides, columns have got vulgarized in this country. The steam-chimneys in every smoky manufacturing town supply you with columns by the dozen. In a country like Egypt it is quite a different thing. A column or an obelisk is a fine object there; with a flat all round you, as far as your eye can reach, you are glad of anything to break the uniformity of the long straight line that joins the earth to the sky, and you can see them fifty miles off; but huddled in such a town as London, a column will be lost. It will give you a crick in your neck to look up at it. By-the-by," he said, "did you ever see my obelisk?" My brother told him he had not. "Then put on your hat," said he, "and come along with me." They walked together to a short distance, and as they went, Sir Francis told him that a neighbor of his had consulted him about a chimney for a steam-engine that he was going to build. Now, he said,

a chimney must be tall, and it must be slender; and the advice he had given was, that the best models of antiquity having those qualities should be resorted to; but by this time they had reached a spot from which Sir Francis pointed to an obelisk. "There," he said, "that is my chimney; it is 180 feet high, and of exactly the same proportions as Cleopatra's needle. It is the most beautiful chimney in England, and I may say so, as I did not design it; but, though I did not design it, at least I knew where to look for it." He said he had been consulted about a column of Portland stone, and had been asked whether it would much obstruct the view in Trafalgar square! "Why, no," he said, "I do not think it will obstruct the view much, and, at all events, if it is made of Portland stone, it will not obstruct it long." The idea of durability had taken possession of his mind as the first and greatest quality to be sought for in a national monument. "As you know," he said, "the tanner is always for leather. I have told them that a bronze statue of Nelson is what they ought to raise. Nothing will destroy a bronze statue but violence. Let it be as fine and as large a statue as your money will afford, and you may put it upon a granite pedestal." On one occasion, speaking of allegory, Chantrey said, "I hate allegory; it is a clumsy way of telling a story. You may put a book on the lap of some female, and call her History; a pair of compasses in the hand of another, and call her Science; and a trumpet to the mouth of a third, and call her Fame, or Victory. But these are imaginary beings that we have nothing in common with, and, dress them out as you will for the eye, they can never touch the heart; all our feelings are with men like ourselves. To produce any real effect, we must copy man, we must represent his actions and display his emotions."

One more extract—also from Sir Henry Russell—must be our last.

The last time that I saw Sir F. Chantrey, a few weeks only before his death, he sent for the model of the bust, and said, "Let us now see what Time has all this while been doing." It was then upwards of twenty years since it had been made. After attentively comparing the bust with the face for some time, he applied his finger to his own nostrils, and said, "Ah, here it is; what was sharp in all these edges has now become blunt." Mr. Moore, the poet, came in just after, and another gentleman with him. Pointing to one among the models, Mr. Moore said, "That is the bust of Mr. Pitt."—"No," answered Sir Francis, "I see what has misled you; but if you look again, you will find that there is nothing here of the sauciness of Mr. Pitt." Sir Francis was always judicious in mitigating the peculiarities of the faces he had to deal with; adhering to them as long as they served the purpose of characteristics; but taking care to leave them before they fell into caricature.

The reader will hardly require to be told our opinion of this volume after the extracts we have exhibited for his delectation. It is somewhat redeemed by its sincere and hearty affection for Chantrey—and that is all we can say. Mr. Jones is an amiable and common-place man, with the weakness of desiring to be thought a profound and learned one. The failing is common enough; but is displayed by Mr. Jones with a portentous gravity, and a solemn unconsciousness of its own

absurd exhibition, which is not quite so common as not to justify a good-humored protest against it.

We should be sorry if this volume withheld a more competent person from undertaking Chantrey's biography. The great sculptor—great in the world of the actual—well deserved a worthy record of his genius. He was an honest English artist, to whom many of the wide and great demesnes of art were closed, but who cultivated that which he had chosen with a brave steadiness, a manly energy, and many true and noble results, which should endear his memory wherever the arts are cherished, but particularly among his countrymen. Mr. Jones as little knows how to praise his genius properly, as when to refrain from praising it. But even Mr. Jones' style cannot obscure or conceal the hearty independence of Chantrey's moral character, the unaffected honesty and sincerity of his life, the devoted and loving attachment of his friends. And we hope that a writer will yet be found, with a competent knowledge of the subject, and a reasonable command of English, to commemorate such talents and virtues.

Meanwhile, Mr. Jones must comfort himself with the reflection that it is better to have been a good friend than to be even the best of biographers. Of the honorable distinction of having been Chantrey's chosen associate and adviser through life, nothing—not even his own mode of recording it—can deprive him.

From the Christian Register.

THE SPECTATOR AT THE POTOMAC.

GERMANS IN THE UNITED STATES.

NEW tokens are constantly appearing that we are a mixed people. How various are not only the natural elements of which we are composed, but the influences under which we are growing! What a singularly diversified nurture is that under which the American character is being ripened, the American nationality consolidated, the American Future evolved!

Here is another sign that continental as well as insular Europe is exporting itself to the Western world, and that the improvidence, mendacity, and general unsteadiness of the Irish Catholics among us are to have some favorable offset, even within the limits of emigration itself, in the thrift, patience, and obstinate perseverance of the Germans. We do not mean to cast an unqualified reproach at the present generation of Ireland. We have not the least sympathy with that narrow and bigoted prejudice that would exclude them from the circle of our charities when they come, fainting fugitives from the Old World's misgovernment, debilitated by its hereditary diseases, and starving with its unresisted famine, to our shores. Could the Irish emigrant point to such a father-land, with such institutions as the German, he would be a different creature certainly from what he is. We only congratulate the country that it receives some of the better products of European civilization along with the superstition and immorality which are the fruit of its barbarism.

But our German population is very far from

being as intelligent, as well indoctrinated in the spirit and letter of our laws, or even as well supplied with the simplest rudiments of mental education, as all American citizens, and subjects of a republic, ought to be. We have been greatly surprised recently at learning facts that show both the immense extent of this portion of our people, (they now number four millions,) especially in the Middle and Western States, and their backwardness in getting Americanized. And on both accounts we rejoice in the establishment of such a journal as "The Spectator at the Potomac,"—a weekly newspaper in the German language, just started at Washington, of which the first number lies before us. We value it, not so much on account of its political complexion, and because it is to be a supporter of the present administration, as because we have reasons for believing it will prove an efficient promoter of literary culture, sound opinion on general subjects, and pure morality among our naturalized American-born Germans. It is a striking fact that these persons cling tenaciously to their own mother tongue, and are otherwise so clannish in their affinities and associations as to render them less open to our liberal ideas, and slower in becoming assimilated to our free government, than is desirable. It is no unusual thing to find Germans in Pennsylvania, of the third or fourth generation from the emigrant, speaking the German as perfectly as a citizen of Leipsic. We know descendants of persons who came over early in the eighteenth century that now use the unadulterated language of their ancestors. Hence the evident importance of circulating among them publications in the same tongue, but thoroughly American, as well as thoroughly Christian, in their doctrine and spirit. There is already a democratic German paper issued from Washington. It is well known that a very large proportion of our German voters, whether from a deliberate preference, or from associations with the name democracy that they bring with them from the old countries, where it stands in simple and marked opposition to monopoly and aristocracy, and denotes the popular tendency—vote the democratic ticket.

Der Tuschaner am Potomac will contribute effectually to raise the character of the class for which it is designed, and every reader of German who can afford it will do well to subscribe for it, on account of its intellectual and moral aims and capabilities. The first number contains full reports of the doings and debates in Congress, a list of the members of both houses, intelligence from the several states, editorial articles, foreign and local news, a summary of last year's events, a pictorial plan of the house of representatives and senate chamber, and other matter suitable to a national paper, all well printed.

We have taken this favorable notice of "The Spectator" the more readily, because we have had an agreeable acquaintance with the editor, Rev. Friedrich Schmidt, as a German Lutheran preacher in the south part of this city, and know him to be a man of superior powers, as well as an accomplished scholar.

GUN COTTON IN WARFARE.—It is stated that gun cotton was used, for the first time, in actual warfare, at the storming of Mooltan, in the Punjab. The brilliance and breadth of the flash from the guns are described as of great intensity.

From the Spectator.

EIGHT YEARS IN BRITISH GUIANA.*

THIS book professes to be the journal of a planter in Guiana, kept during eight years succeeding emancipation; the object of the work being to show the inevitable ruin to which the colony was doomed by the acts of the British government and Parliament. Mr. Barton Premium paints himself as an English gentleman, without prejudices, possessing foresight, and with available means over and above his West Indian property; but, finding his income falling off, he determines to quit England, reside on his own plantation with his family, and attend to its management. A little colonial observation and experience convinces him of the up-hill if not hopeless task that is before him, and he resolves to keep a journal for the information of his descendants, and as a kind of justification of himself for the loss of their patrimony which he sees impending. This journal was not designed for print, but it accidentally fell into the hands of a friend, and he urges the publication.

This rather operose framework is not a bad indication of the character of the book. The matter and spirit bear no proportion to the form and words. The mind of the writer is not sufficiently comprehensive for fiction; and his facts fail of producing their full effect, because their form is general whilst their true nature is singular. They are also encumbered with other things, which are quite proper to the picture of a planter's life, but do not *prove* the argument of the book. The great drawback, however, as regards attraction, is that the writer is in a measure dealing with matters that are past, or he proposes a plan which stands no chance of being carried—the purchase of slaves in Africa for manumission in the West Indies. Had Mr. Premium possessed a Defoe-like power, this fault would not have affected the interest of his book; for life, character, and manners would have been dominant, and the reader have swallowed the political economy in the guise of fiction. As it is, we have the purpose of a pamphlet thrown into the form of a novel; the economical questions that are the real object of the author being continually lost sight of, in those topics which are appropriate to a picture of daily life in Guiana.

It may also be said that Mr. Premium, like the protectionists at home, is somewhat addicted to making out too strong a case; ascribing to particular events an influence that singly they could not have, and exhibiting the sugar interest in such a plight that if all he says incidentally were true, nothing could have saved it. For purposes of sentimental gratification, this country has inter-

fered with the labor of the planters; and to that extent this country is bound to grant compensation, but no further. Parliament is not bound to protect men against the exhaustion or inferiority of soil, or against the consequences of improvident speculations. Mr. Premium says that there are not twenty plantations in British Guiana whose soils are not inferior or exhausted. He describes the mode of planting in the olden times as one certain to end in difficulties, if not ruin, on the first check. A man with 5,000*l.* undertook a task that required 20,000*l.*; embarking in business with three fourths of his capital borrowed, besides the business entanglements that followed his debts. As long as rivalry was forbidden, the soil unexhausted, and labor at command, such a proceeding might so far answer that the interest could be paid; but the first misfortune must throw the borrower on his back. Such a course of action could only succeed with a very parsimonious borrower, who annually paid off a portion of his debt out of his high profits; but theory requires those high profits to continue, and practice shows that so extensive a trading on borrowed capital rarely succeeds even with the most thrifty.

We do not allege these things as any excuse for the breach of faith towards the West Indians on the part of ministers, Parliament, and people; but as an example of the angry and illogical mind of Mr. Premium. The true case of the West Indians is quite strong enough without resorting to topics that prove nothing. But this disposition to exaggerate seems a type of the protectionist mind all the world over.

The plan of the book, had it been put before the reader with more breadth and animation, is well enough designed. Descriptions of the estate and its management, the domestic life of the planters, the characters of the negroes, and some incidents of a class appropriate to fiction, vary the political economy. The author also has a practical knowledge of Guiana and its cultivation; but the incongruities we have spoken of—the mixture of pamphlet and novel without the powers of a novelist—militate against the purpose of the author, and somewhat flatten the effect of his book.

One point, which Mr. Premium works rather successfully, is an answer to the charge that the planters have made no experiments and not endeavored to introduce substitutes for manual labor. This is his account of the plough; but it should be borne in mind that the cultivation of Guiana is peculiar, owing to the manner in which the low lands are intersected by streams and the dikes necessary for drainage.

The greatest efforts have been making since the year 1833 to find substitutes for manual labor. The plough, above all other means, has been tried perseveringly, I may say on nearly every plantation; but in no one instance has it been found to suit so well as to supersede the shovel and hoe. Our soil being a stiff clay, causes the operation to be exceedingly severe on cattle; and the small drains, which are at a distance of only thirty-seven feet from each other, and two feet deep by two

* Eight Years in British Guiana; being the Journal of a Residence in that Province from 1840 to 1848, inclusive. With Anecdotes and Incidents illustrating the Social Condition of its Inhabitants; and the Opinions of the Writer on the State and Prospects of our Sugar Colonies generally. By Barton Premium, a Planter of the Province. Edited by his friend. Published by Longman & Co.

wide, impede the proceedings very materially. It is surprising how many horses, mules, and oxen, have been sacrificed in the endeavor to establish this mode of tillage permanently. One of my neighbors lost sixteen oxen in ploughing about twenty acres; and, after all, some hands were obliged to go over it with the shovel. In order to get through their work, those who used the plough were under the necessity of giving the cattle enormous quantities of oats, in itself an extremely expensive contingent, and to spell (or relieve) them in the middle of the day; so that one set, varying from three to six, was employed no more than four hours at a time. This, rendering so many indispensable, made the general expense as high as that of manual labor, taking the mortality into consideration, and it was not nearly so effectual.

In fact, cane culture is more like garden cultivation than any other. The drills or cane-holes run across the beds or space between every two drains. They are from two to two and a half feet wide, and from one to two feet deep, according to the soil. The earth taken out of them by the shovel is deposited on a bank of the same width as the hole, (the space between every two holes being so called,) and is used, in weeding, to earth up the young plants after the weeds are removed; the bank on one side being taken for that purpose, and on the other as a place on which to deposit the weeds. In these holes the cane tops are planted either in a double or single row, very much in the same way as potatoes are planted in England; and in about a fortnight the sprouts appear. In six weeks they require a first weeding and earthing or moulding; and in general they need one more moulding and weeding, and two weedings without the moulding, before they are considered to be beyond the planter's care. In the last weeding, the process of stripping or trashing is gone through; which consists in detaching the dead leaves from the canes, to allow a free circulation of air. From this brief sketch, it is evident that the greatest care is necessary in performing every operation connected with the culture of this plant. If the drains are obstructed in any way, or if they are not cleaned or dug out regularly, the canes will not grow. If the latter are not properly planted, and if the weeding and moulding be not carefully performed, the crop will be very indifferent. Again, if the stripping be done by reckless persons, they will break down canes, and be as destructive as so many cows turned into the field. Indeed, one has only to comprehend the nature of the work that is essential to the proper growth of the cane, to understand how much the planters suffer by the existing disorganization of their laboring population.

Of the improved morals of the negroes Mr. Premium speaks more than doubtfully, and thus explains the statistical returns of marriages, on which much laudation has been built.

More than twenty years ago, the evangelical party in England, scandalized beyond measure at the state of concubinage which prevailed among our black population, inculcated in every way the necessity for marrying them without delay, and the different clergymen were spurred on to bring about this desirable event as often and as speedily as possible. These worthy men, finding that they might subject themselves to the charge of remissness in the discharge of their duties, and some of them actuated, it may be, by the same ideas in regard to

the moral effect of matrimony, proceeded to exhort their flocks to enter into the state, both privately and from the pulpit; and the negroes, observing that they were likely to be looked on more favorably by their pastors, and that the ceremony was sufficiently short and easily gone through, were soon induced to be married in considerable numbers. It is said that several applications were made to clergymen to undo the knot soon after it was tied; and that the parties, finding this to be impracticable, speedily disseminated the extraordinary information among the rest, which led to some falling off in the monthly lists of marriages.

Many of them declared at this period that "Marry no for nigga 't all, da Buckra fashion;" and seemed to have a rooted aversion to it. The custom of the whites, however, and the example which their increasing self-esteem since the era of emancipation has led them to adopt, have gradually established a marriage on the same footing as among ourselves; an institution which all think they should experience once in their lives. They go through the ceremony; but I grieve to say that in too many cases it is an idle form, in every sense of the word. They have generally been on the most intimate footing before—perhaps living together; and it happens too often that they disagree, and, without requiring the sanction of the law, separate, and take new mates, according to the old African habit. My wife has just been shocked by such a case in her own household. The housemaid and butler, both young, were married eighteen months ago; we gave them a marriage-dinner and some presents. They continued in our service, occupying rooms in the offices which were built for our servants; but in the course of six months they began to fight, and the noise and tumult in their quarter became so frequent, that, after repeated admonitions, I warned them off, and finally they went away, he to town to live with another woman, and she to reside with a settler in the new village here.

Unhappily, this is not the only instance that has occurred among our domestics within the short space of four years. Our cook, a woman of about forty, six months ago, without any violent quarrel, deserted her husband, a man with only one leg, and went to live with the engineer of the estate—the black one. I mean, a youth of twenty; while his lawful wife, a girl of his own age, by whom he had two children, went to a neighboring estate to reside with a mere lad of about sixteen, who had been working a short time here. The cook and her helpmate had been joined together for at least a dozen years. From these occurrences, in the limited sphere of my establishment, an idea may be formed of the extent to which such enormities prevail over the province. There is little doubt that when the tie becomes in the slightest degree irksome, no sense of impropriety, or feeling of religious awe for the commands of the Most High, will prevent them from separating. In many cases I have heard of, the separation has been made with cordial good humor on both sides. In general, the children, if there are any, go with the mother; in fact, she usually bears the chief burden of their maintenance when the pair live together; and I am of opinion that the wife is the more meritorious of the two in nine cases out of ten—the husband being commonly a tyrant, and forcing the wife, *more majorum*, to be his slave in the house. He contributes just what he chooses to the funds required for supporting his family, while she must supply whatever is deficient, or brave his wrath, which is vented

usually in blows ; and he squanders his gains among companions or other women, in drinking and debauchery.

If the writer's style were less literal, the more novel-like parts of the book would have greater interest than the exposition of the losses of the planters, misdoings of the negroes, and the diatribes against all parties at home. The following passage, from a description of the snakes of the colonies, may be taken as an example of Mr. Premium's natural history.

Depredations are frequently committed among the ducks of the estates by a variety of the boa peculiar to this part of America, called the camoeny ; a snake that takes his prey generally in the water, under which he lurks, with his head up, so as to observe without being observed ; and when an aquatic fowl is discovered, he steals upon and seizes it. They are of immense size, it is said, in some localities. The largest I have seen was twenty feet long ; it had just swallowed a Muscovy duck, which it seized in the middle of a numerous flock, raising such a noise as brought one to the spot, who saw the snake and gave the alarm. He was shot by repeated fusillades, but not before he had gotten the duck into his gullet. The negroes are not afraid of them, and they eat them with great gusto.

This one was no sooner floating on the water, without much motion, than the man who owned the prey jumped in and attacked him with a knife, ripping up his throat and stomach, where he found his property only half-way down, and whence he speedily extracted it. In fact, the protuberance caused by the bird was visible from the bank of the trench. Notwithstanding its great length, this reptile was not thicker than a stout man's leg at the calf. They are darker than the boas of the east, but beautifully marked also with a variety of colors ; black, white, and brown predominating. Indeed, I would say, from what I have seen, that the venomous snakes are the most revolting in appearance. The blood snake is understood to be of this description ; and it resembles strongly an enormous earth-worm, being just of that color, and usually from four to six feet long. There is another sort, of a deep grass-green hue, and of similar length ; while the coral snake, from eighteen inches to three feet, glides along among the flowers and shrubs near a house, in the gay colors of scarlet, black, and white, which characterize the substance from which it takes its name. The whip snake is the most familiar with man, being generally found near houses. It is so named from the resemblance it bears to the thong of a whip, and is perfectly innocuous.

Some years ago, when in the colony, and visiting a bachelor friend who lived in a retired situation, I was one day reclining on a sofa and reading, the house being perfectly still, and no person nearer than the kitchen, when a snake of this variety moved so silently into the room that he was in the middle of it before I was aware of his presence. He seemed to look for some things, as if he knew they should be there ; insects, probably, for I observed him to pick up a spider. At last he espied me, and, raising his head, in an instant was coiled up instinctively for defence ; but immediately afterwards, when I got on my feet, he retreated with great expedition below the sideboard, and contrived to ensconce himself so between it and the wall, that it was only after detaching it the ser-

vants were able to dislodge him. I would not permit them to kill him ; and they were both sulky and surprised, when he glided rapidly down the outer steps and on to the lawn without being assailed by every sort of offensive weapon that might come to hand.

From the Examiner.

Judas Iscariot. A Miracle-Play in Two Acts. With other Poems. By R. H. HORNE. Author of "Orion," &c. Ollier.

WE alluded with commendation to these poems soon after they were published. We have since waited for an opportunity of showing how highly our praise was deserved, and cannot find a better than that of the season of solemn festival with which such subjects as Mr. Horne's miracle-play are more peculiarly connected.

Mr. Horne's view of the character of Judas is founded on that which has been taken by Archbishop Whately, but which originated, we believe, in Germany. It supposes that Judas, whose remorse and suicide are hardly to be accounted for in the ordinary notion of him as a sorry traitor influenced by no greater bribe than a sum of about sixty shillings, precipitated the sentence of his Master, under the impression that he was only hastening the development and triumph of his celestial powers.

"As for Christ's voluntarily submitting to stripes and indignities, and to a disgraceful death, when it was in his power to call in to his aid 'more than twelve legions of angels,' no such thought," says the archbishop, "seems ever to have occurred to the mind of Judas, any more than it did to the other apostles. * * * But the difference between Iscariot and his fellow-apostles was, that, though he had the same expectations and conjectures, he dared to act out his conjectures ; departing from the plain course of his known duty, to follow the calculations of his worldly wisdom and the schemes of his worldly ambition ; while they piously submitted to their Master's guidance, even when they 'understood not the things that He said to them.'"

In the first act of Mr. Horne's play Judas accordingly thus soliloquizes, after having been irritated by the taunting scribes and Pharisees, and longing, in a most un-Christian spirit, to be revenged :

Would I were Christ !—or that the power he holds
So placidly, were given to my hand
For one short hour ! * * *

The tokens of a season ripe for change
Greater than man e'er dreamed of, fill the sky,
And the earth mutters underneath my feet
" 'Tis time ! 'tis time ! " The overthrow and scattering

Of the old thrones, temples, and synagogues,
Halls of injustice, schools of ignorant scribes,
And palaces of pharisaic pride,
Whose owners preach humility—all hang
Upon the breath of Jesus. He passeth on,
Teaching and healing, nor can I discern
One smile of secret consciousness that soon
All this shall end and his true kingdom come.

Somewhat he lacketh. He is great of soul,
 Filled with divine power, but too angel-sweet
 For turbulent earth and its gross exigencies;
 Strong in design, and magnanimity,
 Forbearance, fortitude, and lovingness,
 He lacketh still the vehement kingly will—
 Will, bred of earth and all that it inherits—
*To seize the mountain by its forest hair
 And whirl it into dust.* On that soft plain,
 The Temple of his Father—the true Spirit—
 Straightway might we erect, and not lie hid
 In secret places, like forlorn wild beasts
 Who dread the hunter's spear. Why doth he wait!
 Would he were seized!—condemned to instant
 death—

Set on a brink, and all his hopes for man
 Endangered by his fall—till these extremes
Drew violent lightning from him!—

Christ is betrayed; none of the consequences
 take place which Judas looked for; and the
 betrayer again soliloquizes. The poetry now
 rises in force and passion. Mr. Horne's favorite,
 Marlowe, of whom he sometimes reminds us, not
 as an imitator but a class-fellow, could not have
 surpassed the close of the following passage. It
 is a masterly specimen of that most terrible of all
 things—the mixture of familiar speech, expressive
 of agonized sincerity, with the most portentous sen-
 sations of novelty and despair. There is the con-
 sciousness that would fain escape from its doom
 under the easiest pretences of the possibility of so
 doing, with the overwhelming conviction of its
 hopelessness and absurdity. We might imagine
 a great actor venturing to utter the words, "*No
 where, lord, no where,*" with something even of
 an idiot smile. Judas has been attempting to tear
 up a grave to hide him in; and he enters "*with
 a handful of earth clutched in his fingers*" :

Judas. If he, being Son of God, consent to die,
 Seeming to prove the truth of all their taunts;—
 If, with the power he hath to smite this city—
 The temple, tabernacle, all the hosts
 And men of valor—pharisees, scribes, priests—
 He will not speak—he will not lift his hand;—
 If truly, God, in him, can with a thought
 Bring earthquake underneath Jerusalem,
 To swallow all, save his own chosen flock—
 Yet he consent meekly to be nailed down
 Upon a felon's cross, which they have sworn
 To plant on yonder mount, between two thieves,
 There, 'midst revilings, taunts, and jeers, to die—
 The drooping head, the languishing swoll'n limbs—
 He—our Lord Jesus—whom I have betrayed,
 Dying this death—O God, the Eternal Eye!
 Scorch up this reasoning—blight each maddening
 sense—

*Confuse my life with any creeping thing,
 So that I know it not—make me a stone,
 Wherefrom no iron-heel shall strike one spark—
 Make me a darkness!—let me melt to rain,
 And steal beneath the earth!* I hear them coming!

(JUDAS drops on his knees.)

Seest thou, Jehovah, him thou fashionedst
 With strength and order, what he hath become!
*A wild and hideous perplexity.
 That hideth from himself!* Oh, pass him by,
 E'en as this clot of earth, which he scraped up
 To look for death, and leave this upper hell—

And in especial save him from this night—
 See him not—*know him not—nor ask for him.*

(*Rising in terror.*)

Where is the man called Judas!—where is he?
 Thunder is in my brain—the clouds are silent.
 No where, Lord!—no where—*Judas is no more!*

(*Voices of a distant crowd.*)

In the midst of this despair Judas hears the
 friends and relations of Christ coming to attend the
 crucifixion. They pass him, talking of the meek-
 ness of the sufferer, and not unobservant of the
 betrayer. Mary Magdalen, with a finely-con-
 ceived return of her once violent feelings, is in-
 clined to curse Judas; and she says:

The grave will utter
 A shriek at his approach.

The mother of Christ bids her not "disturb the
 greatness of the hour." Lazarus passes,

Cold with the shadows of the grave upon him,

and says he will pray for Judas; but not doing so
 before he disappears, the wretched criminal calls
 after him not to forget it. Distant sounds are then
 heard of the ponderous hammers that nail Jesus to
 the cross, (a grand conception,) and Judas is hurried
 by them into suicide. He tears up some trailing
 thorns, which he winds round his neck; and, rush-
 ing up into a tree, brings it down with his dying
 weight, and is covered with its crashing boughs and
 foliage. An earthquake succeeds; graves open;
 and the spirits of the dead appear, gazing around
 them. A more ingenious as well as poetical mode
 of adhering to the actual nature of the death of
 Judas, without subjecting it to the mean idea of
 "hanging," could not have been devised.

This fine conclusion might have been rendered
 perhaps still finer, if the sounds of the hammer
 had been accompanied by the sudden darkness
 which is said to have followed on Christ's death.
 The first blow might have smitten the scene into
 night-time, and Judas then been made visible again
 by lightning. But Mr. Horne may have thought,
 and with reason, that this would have rendered the
 consummation of the deed itself improbable;—
 too likely to scare away the executioners. The-
 ology, on the other hand, may be ready with a
 reply to this; and, indeed, there is no end to
 questions of the kind theological or critical.

We need not add anything to what we have
 intimated in the course of our criticism respecting
 this miracle-play. We shall only state, that, on
 our first perusal of it, we thought it too short to
 exhibit the whole history and character of Judas;
 but, on reading it again, we became sensible of its
 sufficiency of matter, as well as abundant power
 of treatment; and we are of opinion that no reader
 of sacred history, or lover of poetry, should fail
 to possess himself of the little book of sixty-four
 pages which contains a poem so full of grandeur
 and passion.

Nor is this, by any means, its whole value; for
 the miracle-play is followed by a set of minor
 poems, the best that Mr. Horne has written. They

do him that final justice which he has too often withheld from himself by an over-ambitious haste and a neglect of study and selection. He has been too much in the habit of setting his will before his judgment; of supposing that genius can dispense with the taste and training to be gathered from books and scholarship; of crowding thought upon thought, and image upon image, for the sake of proving his resources, without sufficiently heeding either complete relevancy in the matter or propriety in the manner. The fault has been analogous to what is called want of keeping by painters, and by society want of tact. None of Mr. Horne's larger works, not even his *Orion*, in which there are things worthy of the greatest poets, have been altogether free from this fault; perhaps none of his previous works at all, with the exception of the *Death of Marlowe*. But he seems at length to have felt, if not critically discerned, his way out of it. We hope he has done both, in order that his future footing may be as sure as his powers and his sympathies deserve to be; and, to this end, we would exhort him, whenever he doubts the propriety of anything he is about to write, and particularly if specially inclined to write it, to construe the doubt against himself. He can afford it; having a rich remainder, of the finest kind, to merit our praise and thanks. Nothing else could set him right in his poetical workmanship, but a course of the severest critical reading, with all scholarly helps to boot: and we doubt if even this would suffice, unless he could begin with suspecting the fallibility of certain of his moods of mind.

We conclude with selecting, from the miscellaneous poems before us, two sea-pieces of different characters, the one admirable for what may be called its light pathos, the other for its strength and coloring. The first, with its *ritornello*, (which renders it a kind of serious rondeau,) is touched with all the airy grace of a musician. The second has the solidity and splendor of one of the Venetian painters. Both appear to have been written in the scenes which they describe; for one of Mr. Horne's best trainings as a poet has been his experience of remote countries.

GENIUS.

*Far out at sea—the sun was high,
While veered the wind and flapped the sail—
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale,
Far out at sea.*

*The little stranger, who had lost
His way, of danger nothing knew;
Settled awhile upon the mast,
Then fluttered o'er the waters blue,
Far out at sea.*

*Above, there gleamed the boundless sky;
Beneath, the boundless ocean shewn;
Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit-life in this vast scene;
Far out at sea.*

*Away he sped with shimmering glee!
Dim, indistinct—now seen—now gone,
Night comes, with wind and rain—and he
No more will dance before the morn—
Far out at sea.*

*He dies unlike his mates, I ween;
Perhaps not sooner, nor worse crossed;
And he hath felt, and known, and seen,
A larger life and hope—though lost,
Far out at sea!*

THE SLAVE.—A SEA-PIECE, OFF JAMAICA.

(Before the Abolition.)

Before us in the sultry dawn arose
Indigo-tinted mountains; and ere noon
We neared an isle that lay like a festoon
And shared the ocean's glittering repose.

We saw plantations spotted with white huts;
Estates midst orange groves and towering trees,
Rich yellow lawns embrowned by soft degrees;
Plots of intense gold freaked with shady nuts.

A dead hot silence tranced sea, land, and sky:
And now a low canoe came gliding forth,
Wherein there sat an old man fierce and swarth,
Tiger-faced, black-fanged, and with jaundiced eye.

Pure white, with pale blue chequered, and red fold
Of head-cloth 'neath straw brim, this Master
wore;

While in the sun-glare stood with high-raised oar
A naked Image all of burnished gold.

Golden his bones—high-valued in the mart—
His minted muscles, and his glossy skin;
Golden his life of action—but within
The slave is human in a bleeding heart.

FROM Upsala an account is given of a curious glimpse into the past conceded to high-born curiosity. The Dukes of East Gotha and Dalecarlia, students at that University, conceived a desire to look bodily on the mortal remains of Gustavus Vasa, —which lie in the vaults of the cathedral of that city. Accordingly, by special authorization of the king, the marble sarcophagus containing the body was opened, that the young princes might look upon the long dead. The historical lesson which they sought they found not—but they found another. "And he said unto her, What form is he of? And she said, An old man cometh up, but his face is covered with a mantle." Decay has shut the lineaments of Gustavus Vasa beyond the opening of even the royal key. The body was a skeleton—but the garments of velvet and silk, with gold and silver brocade, were fresh. The crown, the sceptre, the globe, the ornaments of the scabbard inclosing the royal sword, and the massive golden buckles of the girdle and shoes adorned with precious stones, were still entire—but muscle and sinew were rotted away. The baubles lavished to illustrate the dead were there to mock him.—There is worse teaching for a prince than that which the young dukes got by the open tomb of Gustavus Vasa. Such a proclamation of the earthly style and titles, in such a presence, must have gone direct to the heart of even youth. The text was there, with its comment; the triumphal shout, with its echo—for echo is always a sigh, even when it repeats the voice of triumph.

From the Spectator.

URQUHART'S PILLARS OF HERCULES.*

A BIG boy with a turn for paradox, who had managed to take a leaf out of Mr. Disraeli's last book, might have written one part of *The Pillars of Hercules* at school. The phenomena of the Mediterranean and its currents (what becomes of the water? what becomes of the salt?)—some salient points in the history of the peoples who formerly visited the aforesaid sea or inhabited its shores—bits of Spanish and of Moorish story, with a tediously long commentary—a comparison between the inhabitants of Barbary and of Europe, greatly to the advantage of the Africans (Mr. Urquhart claiming for the Moors the preëminence which Mr. Disraeli assigns to the Jews)—the tale of the capture of Gibraltar by the British and Dutch, with sundry assertions (in matters of diplomacy the Urquhart decrees, not argues) as to the mischief of the fortress to Great Britain, &c.—might all have been written for a theme, with the subject “given out,” and the full flowing style once acquired. Other topics of the volume might possibly require the suggestion of the reality to set the writer's pen going. Mr. Urquhart takes an oriental bath; and thereupon writes a disquisition on bathing among the Romans, the Moors, and the Orientals, and non-bathing among some other peoples, ourselves included, with a passing touch on cheap bath-houses, and the Mosaic and Moslem notions of uncleanness. The traveller went on a sporting excursion, though he seems to have killed nothing; but he ate of the national dish called kuscoussoo, and anon he favors the reader with the whole story of it: how it is made, which is practical information—how to eat it—what authors have said of it—bread compared with kuscoussoo; including a digression upon wheat and its original country, which is not known to Urquhart, but he makes up for it by describing the origin of the “dampier” of New South Wales, says a word on Indian corn, pronounces “England in the art of cookery behind every other people,” informs the world that pilaf is never eatable “when made by a Christian,” and closes the topic with some remarks on teeth. In the course of his excursions Mr. Urquhart set eyes on the Moorish haik; which he traces to the garden of Eden, to father Abraham, to the Jews in the wilderness, to the Greeks, to the Romans.

If Prometheus had set himself down to consider, not how many things he could invent for man, but what single invention would serve him most, he might have fixed on the haik. It is not known in Arabia, Judæa, or any part of the East; it is mentioned by no ancient writer; yet on its intrinsic characters I claim for it the rank of first parent of costume. It is found in Barbary. Who, then, shall assign to it a date? The region is a nook in the ocean of time, where the wrecks of all ages are

cast up; and here, like the moon, these things are found which are lost elsewhere.

A shuttle and loom to weave, pins to knit, scissors to cut, or needles and thread to sew, are requisite for every other dress. The haik dispenses with them all; it is a web, but not wove (in the modern sense of the word); it is a covering, but neither cut nor stitched. When Eve had to bethink herself of a durable substitute for innocence, this is what she must have hit upon. The name it bears is such as Adam might have given had he required it in Paradise—“that which is wove,” *i. e.*, web.

It is only a web, yet is it coat, great-coat, trousers, petticoat, under and over garment, enough for all and everything in one. Being but the simplest of primitive inventions, it outvies in beauty, and overmatches in convenience, the succeeding centuries of contrivance and art; it completes the circle—the last step being not to return to, but merely to perceive the beauty of the first conception, and yield a barren and æsthetic applause to the perfection of the primitive design. * * *

The haik and the kuscoussoo are here united. If you heard of any other people having the one, you would inquire whether they had not also the other. Here in one sentence is it shown that the Jews, when they entered the wilderness, had both.

If they wore the haik in the wilderness, they had it when they entered the Holy Land; for, as they did not want new clothes, so would they not change old habits. The people they drove forth were the Brebers, who wear it to-day. The Jews went to Egypt from the Holy Land. Abraham, therefore, wore the haik; and, having seen him in that dress, I can imagine him in no other.

It belongs but to a small portion of the human family to have a change of raiment for the night—a striking peculiarity of this dress is its adaptation to both purposes.

The Greek robe was white; it was put on as a clothing, and was at the same time a covering such as might be used to sleep in at night. It was not put on to fit as a dress; it was ample in its folds, and fell to the feet; it covered them all over. But citation of authorities is superfluous—look at the statue of Demosthenes.

But the Greeks may have invented it. The Greeks were copiers, or copies; they improved what they received, but in the beginning they were wild and rude. This dress belongs to early simplicity, and to the people who from the first were preëminent in poetry. * * *

The resemblance is so evident between the toga and haik, that the only question is, “Was it original or borrowed?” and, if borrowed, “Whence did it come?” As the Greeks stood to the Phœnicians, so did the Roman to the Etruscans. Critical inquiries had already traced that people to Canaan; recent discoveries have made us familiar with them. Their tombs, into which a lady has conducted us, transport us to the life and manners of the Old Testament. A traveller in Barbary might take them for the ancient sepulchres of this country. In the tombs you have over and over again the haik.

Enough of this. There are in the volumes not perhaps better things, but things more appropriate to travel—accounts of interviews with various adventurers whom crime or misfortune has carried to Africa, or with persons in some official capacity. There are also descriptions of nature and of art, though the kind of digression and dis-

* *The Pillars of Hercules*; or a Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco, in 1848. By David Urquhart, Esq., M. P., Author of “Turkey and its Resources,” “The Spirit of the East,” &c. In two volumes. Published by Bentley.

quisition we have indicated, predominates. The greatest drawback to the professed descriptions of the book is its unreal character. We cannot separate what may be natural and true from what is Urquhart.

What took Mr. Urquhart to Morocco, is a sort of mystery. "I was on my way," he writes in his preface, "to Italy by sea; and, passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, was so fascinated by the beauty and mysteries of the adjoining lands, that I relinquished my proposed excursion for the explorations which are here recorded." At page 260 of the first volume, he appears in the character of a diplomatist in the interest of the Emperor of Morocco, opposed to the French; and something striking would doubtless have been done, had not France been rescued by a "machinery" in the appropriate form of a steam-engine. Urquhart was detained in the Gut "by adverse winds, whilst steam carried the French—that is the Algerine—emissary to his destination." Unless the allusions to under-current influence are mere romancings, our politician seems to have succeeded in imposing himself upon the Moors as a somebody; but as a traveller he turned his opportunities to slender account. His travels, either in Spain or Morocco, were of limited extent—only to a few places in the vicinity of the "Pillars of Hercules."

The substitution of a writer's reading for original observation or a description of existing things, is not very rare in books of travel; but we never saw it pushed to so great an extent as by Mr. Urquhart, or a man carried so completely away from the subject before him. National bathing, national cookery, national clothing, are important subjects; ancient glass and Phœnicia, the Spanish mantilla, the Roman and French systems of conquest or colonization, are very well for an essay or a paper. Presented in such a mode, they would have been judged according to their own character. Standing in places where they have no business or necessary connection, they are looked upon as intruders; and an intruder's merit, if he happens to have any, is always overlooked. We do not suppose that one third of the book, if so much, is really travels; and of the travels the stories or anecdotes are the most interesting portion. They may not always be accurate as facts, but they have an oriental truth of coloring about them, much more attractive than Mr. Urquhart's florid descriptions, or his interviews with persons to whom he discourses politics. There is something patriarchal in this story of a sultan's distribution of poetical justice.

The grandfather of Ben Abou, the present governor of Riff, when Caïd of Tangier, made a great feast at the marriage of his daughter. One of his friends, Caïd Mohammed Widden, observed a poor man in mean attire in the court, and ordered him out; and, he not obeying, pushed him so that he fell. That same night the keeper of an oven (there are no sellers of bread—every one makes his own bread at home and sends it to the oven) had barred his door and retired to rest, when some one knocked at the door. He asked, "Who is

there?" and was answered, "The guest of God," which means a beggar. "You are welcome," he said, and got up and unfastened the door; and, having nothing but some remnants of the koscousoo from his supper, and the piece of mat upon which he lay, he warmed the koscousoo in the oven, and, after bringing water to wash his guest's hands, he set it before him. He then conducted him to the mat, and himself lay down on the bare ground.

In the morning, when he awoke, he found the door unbarred, and the poor man gone; so he said to himself, "He had business, and did not wish to disturb me; or he went away modestly, being ashamed of his poverty." On taking up the mat he found under it two doubloons; so he was afraid, and put the money by, and determined not to touch it, lest it had been forgotten, or lest the poor man had stolen it, and put it there to ruin him.

Some time afterwards an order came from Fez for Mohammed Widden and the baker to repair thither. They were both conducted to the place before the palace to await the sultan's coming forth. When he appeared they were called before him; and, addressing the first, he asked him if he recollected the feast at the marriage of the daughter of the Caïd of Tangier, and a poor man whom he had pushed with his left hand and kicked with his right foot. Then Caïd Mohammed knew whom he had thus treated, and trembled. The sultan said, "The arm that struck me, and the leg that kicked me, are mine; cut them off." The baker now said to himself, "If he has taken the leg and the arm off the caïd, he will surely take my head;" so he fell down upon the earth, and implored the sultan to have mercy upon him. The sultan said to him, "My son, fear not; you were poor, and took in the beggar when he was thrust forth from the feast of the rich. He has eaten your bread and slept on your mat. Now ask whatever you please—it shall be yours." The caïd returned to Tangier maimed and a beggar, and his grandson was lately a soldier at the gate of the Sicilian consul. The baker returned riding on a fine mule, richly clothed, and possessed of the wealth of the other; and the people used to say as he passed by, "There goes the oven-keeper, the sultan's host."

These stories of contemporary date throw a light upon manners in Barbary, where Mahometanism is best studied now; and upon the placability of a Mahometan sovereign when not out of temper.

During my absence two daring crimes have been committed; a sheriff stole one of the sultan's horses from the midst of the camp. The sultan sentenced him to lose his head. He then put in the plea of his birth. "Then," said the sultan, "cut off his right hand, that he may be disabled from disgracing his blood in this way in future." There is no executioner—the butchers are bound to perform this duty. The chief Jewish and chief Mussulman butcher being called, they offered for a substitute by a sort of public auction; the crier commencing in this way—"Who will cut off a head (or a hand) for a dollar?—one dollar offered;" and thus they ran up and down the street. No one offering, they increased the bid to two, three dollars, &c. When they had arrived at two doubloons (7l. 10s.) a tall black stepped forward and said, "That is my price." A tub of tar was brought; the black hacked off the hand in a hurry, and on dipping the stump into the tar it proved to be cold. He had, however, bound the arm before the amputation;

and they ran to the neighboring blacksmith's shop for embers, which they threw into the tar, and, setting it on fire, the stump was then plunged in, and so scorched and burnt. The sheriff was then let go.

In the other case, a culprit, a man from the interior, had killed a lad who was ploughing, and carried off his cattle. The sultan said to the mother of the lad, "Excuse his life, and take one hundred dollars;" she said, "I want the life of him who took the life of my son." The sultan three times repeated his question, doubling his offer; she said, "I ask what the law gives me, and that law you are sultan to execute." The culprit was led out to execution; the head, as we returned, was on the market gate, and the dogs swarmed round the carcass.

From the Examiner.

TO THE AUTHOR OF FESTUS,
ON THE CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC.

PHILIP! I know thee not, thy song I know:
It fell upon my ear among the last
Destined to fall upon it: but while strength
Is left me, I will rise to hail the morn
Of the stout-hearted who begin a work
Wherein I did but idle at odd hours.

The Faeries never tempted me away
From higher fountains and severer shades;
Their rings allured me not from deeper tracks
Left by Olympic wheels on ampler plains,
Yet could I see them and can see them now
With pleasurable warmth, and hold in bonds
Of brotherhood men whom their gamesome wreath
In youth's fresh slumber caught and still detains.
I wear no cestus; my right hand is free
To point the road few seem inclined to take.
Admonish thou, with me, the starting youth,
Ready to seize all nature at one grasp,
To mingle earth, sea, sky, woods, cataracts,
And make all nations think and speak alike.

Some see but sunshine, others see but gloom,
Others confound them strangely, furiously;
Most have an eye for color, few for form.
Imperfect is the glory to create,
Unless on our creation we can look
And see that all is good; we then may rest.
In every poem train the leading shoot;
Break off the suckers. Thought erases thought,
As numerous sheep erase each other's print
When spongy moss they press or sterile sand.
Blades thickly sown want nutriment and droop,
Although the seed be sound, and rich the soil.
Thus healthy-born ideas, bedded close,
By dreaming fondness, perish overlaid.
We talk of schools . . . unscholarly; of schools.
Part the romantic from the classical.

The classical like the heroic age
Is past; but Poetry may reassume
That glorious name with Tartar and with Turk,
With Goth or Arab, Sheik or Paladin,
And not with Roman and with Greek alone.

The name is graven on the workmanship.
The trumpet-blast of *Marmion* never shook
The walls of God-built Ilion; yet what shout
Of the Achæans swells the heart so high?
Shakspeare with majesty benign called up
The obedient classics from their marble seats,
And led them through dim glens and sheeny glades,
And over precipices, over seas
Unknown by mariners, to palaces
High-arched, to festival, to dance, to joust,

And gave them golden spurs and vizors barred,
And steeds that Pheidias had turned pale to see.
That mighty man who opened Paradise
Harmonious far above Homeric song,
Or any song that human ears shall hear,
Sometimes was classical and sometimes not.
Rome chained him down, the younger Italy
Dissolved, not fatally, his Samson strength.

I leave behind me those who stood around
The throne of Shakspeare, sturdy, but unclean;
To hurry past the opprobrious courts and lanes
Of the loose pipers at the Belial feasts,
Past mimes obscene, and grinders of lampoons.
Away the petty wheel, the callous hand!
Goldsmith was classical, and Gray almost,
Cowper had more variety, more strength,
Gentlest of bards! still pitied, still beloved!
Romantic, classical, the female hand
That chained the cruel Ivan down forever,
And followed up, rapt in his fiery car,
The boy of Casablanca to the skies.
Wordsworth, in sonnet, is a classic too,
And on that grass-plot sits at Milton's side;
In the long walk he soon is out of breath
And wheezes heavier than his friends could wish.
Follow his pedler up the devious rill,
And, if you faint not, you are well repaid.
Large lumps of precious metal lie engulfed
In gravelly beds, whence you must delve them out,
And thirst sometimes and hunger; shudder not
To wield the pickaxe and to shake the sieve.
Too weak for ode or epic, and his gait
Somewhat too rural for the tragic pall,
Which never was cut out of duffel gray,
He fell, entangled, "on the grunsel-edge"
Flat on his face, "and shamed his worshippers."

Classic in every feature was my friend
The genial Southey: none who ruled around
Held in such order such a wide domain * *
But often too indulgent, too profuse.

The ancients see us under them, and grieve
That we are parted by a rank morass,
Wishing its flowers more delicate and fewer.
Abstemious were the Greeks; they never strove
To look so fierce: their muses were sedate,
Never obstreperous: you heard no breath
Outside the flute; each sound ran clear within.
The fauns might dance, might clap their hands,
might shout,
Might revel and run riotous; the nymphs
Furtively glanced, and feared or seemed to fear:
Descended on the lightest of light wings,
The strong though graceful Hermes mused awhile,
And now with his own lyre and now with voice
Tempered the strain: Apollo calmly smiled.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

From the Spectator.

HUMPHREYS' ANCIENT COINS.*

THE first book that treated of "coins" in a distinct and separate form was Budé's work on the Roman *Æs* or *As*, which was originally published in 1516. Three centuries later, numismatic works

* *Ancient Coins and Medals; an Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of Coining Money in Greece and her Colonies; its Progress with the Extension of the Roman Empire, and its Decline with the Fall of that Power.* By Henry Noel Humphreys, Author of "*The Coins of England*." Illustrated by numerous Fac-simile Examples in actual relief, and in the metals of the respective coins. Published by Grant and Griffith.

had so multiplied that a mere list of them formed a goodly volume. The *Bibliotheca Nummaria*, published by Lipsius in 1801, consists of 448 close pages, exclusive of an appendix, and comprises under the letter A alone one hundred and sixty works. Among the writers who devoted themselves to the task of illustrating ancient coins, and pointing to the facts that the coins illustrated, are some of the greatest names in learning. The origin of numismatic studies, indeed, may be traced to no less a person than Petrarch; who first formed a collection, with some perception of the true use of coins. His example was followed by Alphonso, King of Aragon and Naples, as well as by the Medici, and various crowned heads. The fashion thence descended through princes and nobles to private individuals, till a mere catalogue of collections would probably form a list as long as that of the works which have been written upon them; for it is only by means of such collections that the majority of the books on the subject could have been written.

These books are of infinite variety. Some illustrate particular coins, in their history, their manufacture, their metallic composition, weight, value, and depreciation; for it seems the destiny of coinages never to be increased in real value. Others treat of the different kinds of coins, either national or metallic—as gold, silver, copper—at the same time that they point out their uses. Some authors illustrate this use—as Vaillant in his works on the dynasties of the Seleucidæ, the Arsacidæ, and the Ptolomies. Other writers have made the Roman emperors their theme, and not only exhibit the acts from the coins, but the portraits of the actors. Visconti, in his *Iconographie Grecque* and *Iconographie Romaine*, has illustrated ancient portraiture in part from ancient coins. Perhaps a work like Lodge's Biography, in which the text and the portrait should form an equally conspicuous place, has yet to be written from ancient coins; though such a subject popularly treated would become a standard work.

The use of coins is not limited, however, to the testimony they bear as to the character and progress of art, the data they furnish as to the respective values of the precious metals in relation to each other, or to commodities, or the features they preserve of celebrated men and women, and frequently of celebrated monuments. Read with a learned eye, they throw a light on many facts of history, which without them would be obscure or even unknown, and often tell a continuous tale of themselves. "If all our records were lost," says Gibbon, "medals, inscriptions, and other monuments, would be sufficient to record the travels of Hadrian."

Geography as well as history (writes Mr. Noel Humphreys) are both indebted to the fortunate preservation of coins for the possession of many facts connected with the names and situation of cities which would otherwise have passed into oblivion. Many coins might be cited bearing the name of a city, accompanied by that of a river or a mountain,

which determines not only the existence of the place, which might have been doubted, disputed or forgotten, but likewise its situation, thus distinguishing it from other places of the same name; for instance, some of the coins of Ephesus have the word, ΕΦΕΣΕΩΝ, (in the genitive case,) of the Ephesians, accompanied by the personification of a river, beneath which is the word ΚΑΙΣΤΡΟΣ, which shows that Ephesus was on the banks of the Cayster. Another instance is that of the ancient Italic city of Hatria or Hadria, now known only by its coins, which yet gave its name to the Adriatic Sea, on the shores of which it was situated. Hundreds of other similar instances might be cited; for it has been stated that upwards of two thousand names of places, provinces, and princes, exist upon ancient coins, many of them having no other record; and many have been discovered since that calculation was made, every day bringing with it still fresh discoveries. * * * *

In important details relative to different stages of civilization, coins have proved of the utmost interest. The vast numbers of coins existing of some comparatively barren but well-situated island, denote its commercial importance, and the activity of its exchanges; while the greater scarcity of the coins of more luxuriant districts denote that the system of exchanges was less active, while the native richness of the soil, which rendered the importation of other produce less necessary, is represented on such coins by the wheat-ear, the bunch of grapes, and other symbols of Ceres and Bacchus. Seaport cities generally adopted some marine symbol either for the principal or subordinate devices of their coins.

Treaties of alliance may frequently be traced on Greek coins; as, for instance, when the coins of one city are countermarked by the emblem of another, an alliance, or at all events a convention that the coins of the one are by common agreement allowed to pass as current money among the people of the other is denoted; a custom which became so general that the mark of the allied city was in some cases at once engraved in the original die, in imitation of a subsequent stamp. * * * *

Some interesting particularities relative to the early commercial importance of Marseilles have just been elicited by the discovery of some coins. Up to the time alluded to, no coins were known of Marseilles (the ancient Massilia) earlier than about the period of Alexander the Great; which had led to the supposition that its commercial importance could not have been extensive before that comparatively late epoch: but the Marquis de Lagoy, in a recent article in the "Revue Numismatique," describes some small silver coins with the well-known hollow back of the earliest periods, recently discovered in some excavations near the port; which removes the difficulty, and proves the active commerce of the place (of which the existence of coin money is an evidence) to have been of the high antiquity which its situation and early colonization rendered probable.

The object of Mr. Humphreys' *Ancient Coins and Medals* is to give a summary or coup-d'œil of the entire subject, so as to furnish a complete introduction to the study, at the same time that he presents the student with fac-simile specimens of some of the most remarkable coins in actual relief, and in the respective metals of the originals; thus starting the tyro with a substitute for a collection.

In an introduction Mr. Humphreys gives a *précis* of the chief writers on coins, and a brief notice of the chief collections. A chapter treats on the circulating medium, or rather the substitute for barter, that preceded the use of coined money. A discussion as to the people who first struck money follows; and is settled in favor of the Lydians, on the authority of Herodotus and the probabilities of the case. The earliest coinage is then discussed and described. After that, the reader is introduced to its development in Greece and her colonies, as well as in the dynasties of Greek origin that were established on the death of Alexander. The Roman coinage is exhibited in like manner, from its obscure origin under the kings, till its decay with the name and empire of Rome, and its subsidence into Byzantine art. Notices of many subordinate branches of the subject are intermingled with the leading classifications, whose very names were long to tell; but Carthage, Judea, Bactria, will indicate the nature of these lesser chapters. There are also notices of the various metals, weights, values, &c., both of Greek and Roman coins, with some general hints and directions to the collector. These might have been fuller, and, in the choice of books, have taken a catalogue form with advantage.

A great feature of the book is its illustrations; which, by means of a new invention, exhibits *metallic impressions* of the coin itself instead of an engraving.

This positive fac-simile (says the author in his preface) is very essential in a work on the coins of classical antiquity; as no modern engraving or other imitation of some of the finest Greek coins of the best periods can adequately convey an idea of their excessive beauty, or the sculptural grandeur of their general treatment. But I have not confined my illustrations in relief exclusively to coins of the finest periods; I have also deemed it advantageous to exhibit a few of the rude early coins, by the same process, in order to convey a more accurate idea, than could have been afforded by means of engravings, of the nature of the progress which took place from the rude beginnings of the primitive artists to the exquisite productions of later periods.

The fac-similes are sunk in stout board, which is bound up with the text like a plate. These plates are ten in number; and every plate contains from ten to a dozen specimens, sometimes of both faces of the coin, sometimes only of the obverse or reverse as the occasion requires: each plate is accompanied by a page of description. By this means the reader has really a coup-d'œil of the history of coinage. The gold stater of Miletus in Lydia, with its strange-looking lion's head and its rude punch-mark on the reverse, is a specimen "of one of the first coins ever struck," according to received opinions, and may date from 800 to 700 B. C. Yet the drachma of Egina, possibly the earliest *silver* coin known, is still ruder. A sort of resemblance to a lion's head may be traced on the golden stater; but one requires to be assured that the drachma

of some century later is really designed for a tortoise. An early silver coin of Thasus has the first attempt at a head, supposed to be of Pan or Bacchus; and the unskilled observer will have to *suppose* that it is a head at all. On the same plate is the earliest coin known with a monarch's name, Alexander the First of Macedon; which fixes the date with more certainty, as he reigned from about 500 to 454 B. C. The obverse is a man leading a horse; and it not only has distinct, unmistakable forms, but reaches the idea of action, especially in the steed. Art, however, was still immature. The reverse can rise no higher than the punch, divided into four squares, with a border containing the monarch's name.

These annotations are furnished by the first plate. The second exhibits an advancing stage of art, rising to the true coin; that is, the punch-mark is superseded by a perfect reverse, though the improvement in art is rather in mechanics than design. The succeeding plates show the rapid progress both in design and execution, till at last the decline of art is reached with the decline of the empire. The massy breadth of conception, and the spirited action even in groups on a small coin of the best period, are exchanged for an imbecility in design which falls below that of the Lydian coinage, and a feebleness even in the mechanical parts.

IMITATIVE GALVANISM.—Galvani, in the last century, showed that convulsions ensued in a limb by simply bringing into connection the muscles and nerves. In the muscles we have a nitrogenized material, which is acid; in the blood we have a nitrogenized material, which is alkaline; the connecting part or nervous fibres are neutral. Mr. Smee, F. R. S., says: "We may imitate such a combination, by using a solution of ferrocyanate of potash, a compound of iron, nitrogen, carbon, and potash, with a little alkali for one side, a solution of the red ferrocyanate for the other side, and connect the two with a solution of chloride of sodium, or common salt."—*Elements of Electro-Biology*.

HOW CHRONOMETERS ARE TRIED AT GREENWICH.—Chronometers offered to government for purchase are placed at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the first or second week in January, where they are ranged upon shelves round "the Chronometer Room," and each is daily compared with an astronomical clock, and its rate carefully noted. This is continued until the middle of July, during which time the temperature of the room is considerably varied: the windows are thrown open during six or seven of the coldest weeks, and for about an equal period the heat is raised 80° or 90° by fires, which are attended at intervals of two hours night and day; for the rest of the time the chronometers remain in the ordinary temperatures. This constitutes the usual trial: but for such chronometers as are subjected to the extreme trial, an iron tray is provided over the stove, the mean temperature of which may be taken at about 100° Fahr.; and for the cold, they are placed outside a window on the north side of the building. The severity of both the ordinary and extreme trials with regard to the cold will, of course, vary in different years, according to the severity of the season.—*Mr. Scoresby*.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Négociations de la France dans le Levant; ou Correspondance, Mémoires, et Actes Diplomatiques des Ambassadeurs de France à Constantinople, et des Ambassadeurs, Envoyés, ou Résidents à divers titres à Venise, Raguse, Rome, Malte, et Jerusalem; en Turquie, Perse, Géorgie, Crimée, Syrie, Egypte, etc. et dans les états de Tunis, d'Alger, et de Maroc. Publiés pour la première fois. Par S. CHARRIÈRE. Tome I. (1515—1547.) Paris, Imprimerie Nationale, 1848.

THREE centuries ago, the first vow of Christian statesmen was the expulsion of the Turks from the city of Constantine, and the deliverance of Europe from the scourge and terror of the infidel. In the present age, the absorbing desire of the same cabinets is to maintain the misbelievers in their settlements; and to postpone, by all known expedients of diplomacy and menace, the hour at which the Crescent must again give place to the Cross. The causes and progress of this curious revolution of sentiment we now purpose to trace; and to ascertain, if possible, by what sequence of events, and changes of opinion, such conditions of public policy have at length been accredited among us.

It will naturally be presumed that the clouds now actually gathering on the Eastern heavens have suggested both our disquisition and its moral; nor, indeed, should we, without reasonable warrant for such an introduction of the subject. But we feel it would be here perilous to prophesy the dissolution of a state which has now been, for five generations, in its nominal agony. We believe we might venture to assert that no Christian writer has treated of Ottoman history, who did not seek in the sinking fortunes or impending fall of the empire the point and commendation of his tale. Knolles thankfully recounted the signs of its decline two hundred and fifty years ago. Cantemir discoursed of "the growth and decay of the Ottoman Empire," while even Poland was still a powerful kingdom. As the eighteenth century wore on, such reflections became both more justifiable and more frequent; and, as the artificial existence of Turkey was hardly yet anticipated, the close of its natural term seemed within the limits of easy calculation. Even the end of the great war, which left so many crumbling monarchies repaired and strengthened, brought no similar relief to the house of Othman. Excluded, on the contrary, from the arrangements of the great European settlement, Turkey remained exposed to worse perils than any which had yet beset her. In the great peace of Europe there was no peace for Constantinople. Thirty years since, the historian of the Middle Ages expected, "with an assurance that none can deem extravagant, the approaching subversion of the Ottoman power;" and the progressive current of events has certainly in no degree changed since this conviction was avowed. Yet, though the only symptom of imminent dissolution that then seemed wanting has now appeared, and though territorial dismemberment has partially

supervened upon internal disorganization, the imperial fabric still stands—the Turkish Crescent still glitters on the Bosphorus—and still "the tottering arch of conquest spans the ample regions from Bagdad to Belgrade."

Without repeating, therefore, the ominous note of prophecy, we shall direct our remarks to the historical elucidation of the questions involved in it. Our wish is to illustrate the origin and establishment of the Ottoman Empire, as one of the substantive powers of Europe; to exhibit the causes which conduced to its political recognition; to trace the subsequent action of so anomalous a state upon the affairs of Christendom; to mark the fluctuations of fortune by which its external relations were determined; and to distinguish the stages of estimation and influence through which it successively passed, until the dreaded Empire of the Ottomans dwindled virtually, though with dominions not materially diminished, into the position of a *Protected State*—subsisting, apparently, by the interested patronage of those very powers which had been so scared and scandalized at its growth. If our inquiry should include fewer exemplifications than might be expected of the civil institutions of this extraordinary nation, the omission must be attributed to the extent of the more immediate subject, and the imperative restrictions of space. A sagacious moralist once said of an historian of the Turks, that he was unhappy only in the choice of his matter. If the course of our proposed exposition were but a little less narrow, we should not distrust our ability to cancel this invidious qualification; for there are, in reality, no known annals more striking in their details, and often more purely romantic, than those of the house of Othman. Even as it is, we hope for some success; for, though of all kinds of history political history possesses the fewest superficial attractions, yet such topics as the naturalization of a Mahometan sovereignty among the states of Christendom—the varying phases of religious zeal—the conflict of traditional duties and practical policy—and the rise and growth of such an element as the power of the Czars—should command their share of interest and attention.

It may reasonably be thought remarkable that the establishment of an infidel power at the gates of Europe should not, in those ages of faith, have provoked a prompt and effective combination of the whole Christian world for the expulsion of the intruder. In explanation, however, of this apathy or impotence, there are several considerations to be mentioned. In the first place, the phenomenon coincided singularly, in point of time, with the definite abandonment of the system of eastern crusades. The seventh and last of these enterprises had resulted in scandal and defeat; and had disclosed the growing reluctance of state and people to contribute towards expeditions which neither promoted the objects nor conduced to the credit of those engaged in them. The final and total loss of the Holy Land in

1291, preceded but by eight years the enthronement of the first Othman; so that the origin of the Turkish state was almost exactly contemporaneous with the withdrawal of Christian arms from the scene of its growth. That the extinction, too, of the crusading principle was then complete, may be inferred from the violent suppression, only ten years later, of that military order which had been mainly instrumental in checking the march of the misbelievers. The commencement of the Ottoman dynasty is placed in the year 1299; and, in the year 1309, the Knights Templars, except as captives or pensioners, had ceased to exist. Nor was the rise of the Turkish power an event calculated, at its first announcement, to create any extraordinary consternation. As regards Asia Minor, the entire peninsula, with the exception of its western sea-board, had long been in the possession of kindred tribes; and the mere substitution of Ottomans for Seljukians could hardly be thought to menace the interests of Europe. Even the actual passage of the Straits, which was the first critical point of Turkish progress, presented no unparalleled phenomenon; for a Moorish kingdom still flourished on the Guadalquivir; and a Tartar horde had just established its sovereignty over the dismembered duchies of Russia. It is certainly true that the exigencies of Mogul invasions, and the remnants of crusading zeal, did originally suggest the concert of nations, which became afterwards systematized by the standing requirements of a political equilibrium; and, perhaps, the dread of Ottoman aggression produced the first faint foreshadowings of those state combinations which characterize the modern history of Europe. But it was not so at the outset. Adrianople had been made a Mahometan capital, and the metropolis of the Eastern Cæsars had become a mere *enclave* in Turkish territory, before the aid of European princes was solicited against the new invaders—and solicited in vain! and when at length the Christian allies and the infidel forces joined battle in the field of Nicopolis, the Ottoman power had been impregably strengthened by the impunity and successes of a century.

As any particular narrative of these events would carry us beyond our limits and our design, we can only venture on a few brief remarks in elucidation of the subject directly before us, and in aid of the general interest of our disquisition. Towards the close of the thirteenth century—that is to say, at the very moment when the election of a Swiss knight to the Germanic throne was laying the foundations of the imperial house of Austria, events of equal singularity were preparing the seat of the rival Cæsars for the progeny of a Turkish freebooter. The Asiatic continent, from its central highlands to the shores of the Mediterranean, had been utterly convulsed by the tremendous irruptions of Zingis Khan; and, in the course of the subsequent commotions, a Turcoman chief named Ortogrul, from the banks of the Oxus, found himself wandering in the hills of Anatolia at the head of four hundred families. A service, which

he accidentally rendered to a native prince, was acknowledged by a grant of land; and the estate was soon expanded into a respectable territory, by the talents which had originally acquired it. The inheritance of Ortogrul devolved, in 1289, upon his son Osman or Othman, who, at the death, ten years later, of his patron, the Sultan of Iconium, no longer hesitated to proclaim his independent sovereignty. Such was the origin of the house of Othman. The name itself, which is a vernacular epithet of the royal vulture, and signifies a “bone-breaker,” has been recognized by the Turks as not disagreeably symbolical of the national character and mission; and so completely do they identify their state with the race of its founder, that they have foregone all other denominations for the dignity, style, and title of the Ottoman Porte.

The new dynasty enjoyed the signal though accidental advantages of long reigns and worthy representatives; while its opportunities of aggrandizement were so peculiar that far weaker hands might have turned them to account. On one side of them lay the Roman empire, shrunk to the dimensions of Constantinople and its environs; on the other the fragmentary or effete principalities of the Seljukian Turks, who had been quartered for two centuries on these spoils of the Eastern Cæsars, and whose power had been recently shattered by the shock of the Mogul invasion. The house of Othman struck right and left. Before the sixty years of its two first chiefs had terminated, the north-western portions of Asia Minor had been effectually subdued, and a capital had been found at Prusa for the new dominion. Already the passage of the Hellespont had become an ordinary incident of their expeditions, and by the middle of the fourteenth century the European shore of the straits was studded with Turkish garrisons. Starting from the ground thus gained, Amurath, first of his name and third of his race, added the whole province of Thrace to his territories, erected a second metropolis at Adrianople, and advanced the Ottoman frontiers to the Balkan. Our sketch runs rapidly to a close. A few years more, and we find these Turks of the third generation at the very limits of their present empire, and on the very scenes of their present fortunes. By 1390, they had occupied Widdin, and before five years more had elapsed, the Moslem and Christian hosts were delivering, as we have said, the first of their countless battles on the banks of the Danube.

During these transactions, although the relative positions of Turkey and Christendom were wholly and alarmingly changed, and though the attitude of the new invaders on the borders of Germany did really portend more serious results than the transient devastations of Tartar inroads, yet the deportment of the European powers appears to have undergone no corresponding alteration. The battle of Nicopolis had indeed been fought; but the crusade which this encounter commenced and terminated, originated rather in the influence of family connections than in any impulse of political

foresight or religious zeal. The King of Hungary, whose realm was menaced by the arms of Bajazet I., was son of one German emperor, brother to another, and destined to be emperor himself; and he possessed therefore the obvious means of attracting to his standard the capricious chivalry of the West. But there was no effective combination of forces, nor any permanent sense of the danger which required it. The progress of the Ottoman arms exercised little perceptible influence on the councils of Europe, nor did the impending fate of an imperial and Christian city provoke any serviceable sympathy. After the Thracian and Bulgarian conquests, to which we have alluded, Constantinople, for the first time in its existence, was completely environed by enemies; and it became clear to the Greek emperors that the invaders with whom they had now to deal were of a very different mould from the swarming hordes which had so often swept past them and retired. Yet, though four emperors in succession visited Western Europe in search of aid, and though one of them brought his petition even to the king of this island, and Kentish yeomen saw a Greek Caesar entertained in St. Austin's monastery, and received on Blackheath by a Lancastrian sovereign, there was no substantial aid forthcoming. This failure was doubtless principally ascribable to the disrepute into which crusading expeditions had fallen, and to the occupation with which both the French and English monarchs were then provided in their own kingdoms. There are, however, other circumstances which, for the full comprehension of the state of opinion at this period, it will be necessary to recollect.

Though the Greek emperors were not only Christian sovereigns, but even coheirs of the political supremacy of Christendom, yet this very rivalry had combined with their geographical isolation and foreign tongue to estrange them from the powers of Europe. As early as the reign of Heraclius, the intercourse between the East and West began visibly to slacken, and the great religious schism of the eleventh century completed the disruption. After this time, Constantinople was scarcely regarded, either spiritually or politically, as entering into the community of European states. Even the contact induced by the crusades rather increased than diminished the alienation. On more than one occasion Greek emperors were leagued with the Saracens against the soldiers of the Cross; and the imperial city itself, after triumphantly sustaining so many sieges, was captured and sacked for the first time by Christians and Franks. It may be imagined, perhaps, that the differences between the Greek and Latin churches could not much affect the dispositions of Norman barons; but it must be remembered that in these romantic expeditions the moderator and exponent of European opinion was no other than the Roman pontiff—without whose cooperation it would have been scarcely possible to organize an effectual crusade. The application, therefore, of the Eastern emperors to the powers

of Europe, took the form of conciliatory overtures to the Romish See; and, excepting in the case of the Emperor Manuel, the negotiations of the imperial visitors were confined to the limits of the Papal court. Neither could the Greek state be exactly represented to European sympathies as a Christian city brought finally to bay, and desperately battling against the overwhelming forces of the infidel. The terms on which Turks and Greeks had for some time been living precluded any such description of their mutual relationship. The presumptive antagonism of the two states had been long openly compromised by concessions, by tributes, and, what was worse, by the ordinary passages of amity and good-will. Ottoman princes were educated at the Christian court, and Christian princes honorably lodged in the camp of the Ottomans; a mosque was tolerated in Constantinople; and a daughter of John Cantacuzene was given in marriage to the second of the Turkish sovereigns. That these arrangements were not wholly voluntary on the side of the weaker party we may safely believe; but it will still be evident how materially such a combination of circumstances must have operated to the disadvantage of the emperors in their appeal to the sympathy of Christian Europe.

Meantime the Turkish power had been growing with a certainty and steadiness unexampled in the history of an oriental people. Two or three of the causes which principally conducted to this remarkable result it may be right here to specify. The passage of the Ottomans into Europe might have been long retarded by the simple expedient of guarding the straits. While the power of the Greek empire consisted almost solely in the relics of its fleet, still respectably appointed, and furnished with the most formidable appliances of naval warfare known to the age, the Turks were totally destitute both of ships and of the science which concerned them. A few galleys might have sufficiently protected the channel against all the forces of Orchan and Amurath; and yet not only were the Ottomans permitted to pass undisturbed, with such means as they could extemporize, but even the intelligence of their having secured a lodgement, and fortified themselves on the European side, produced nothing but careless scoffs in the imperial court. The next point requiring notice is, that the conquests of the Turks were mainly effected by the agency of European troops. The Ottomans will be found to have conquered the Byzantine provinces as we conquered India—by enlisting and disciplining the natives of the country. Only 400 families had originally obeyed the voice of Ortogrul; and it is clear, therefore, that the subjects of his successors must have been swelled in numbers by accessions from other tribes; in fact, the progress of the Ottomans was merely the onward flow of the population of Asia Minor. Even this, however, would have been deficient in impulsive force, but for the singular institution which we are now to mention.

The Janizaries were originally formed and recruited from the impressed children of Christian

captives; afterwards from those of any Christian subjects of the Porte, and at length from the sons of the soldiers themselves; so that a pure military caste, with habits and interests totally distinct from the rest of the people, was gradually established in the very heart of the nation. The number of the Janizaries in the middle of the fourteenth century was only one thousand; but this muster-roll was repeatedly multiplied by successive emperors, till at length, under the Great Solymán, it reached to twenty thousand, and in the German wars, under Mahomed IV., to double that strength. It is not a little singular that a body so consituted should have been not only the main instrument of Turkish aggrandizement, but should have been so inveterately identified with Ottoman traditions, as at all times to have formed the chief obstacle to any social or constitutional reforms. Nor should it be overlooked, that the creation and maintenance of this standing army, isolated from all popular sympathies by descent and character, contributed most powerfully to consolidate the authority of the new dynasty, and to furnish the Turkish sovereigns with those permanent resources, in virtue of which they escaped the ordinary vicissitudes of oriental dynasties, and encountered the tumultuous levies of Hungary and Germany with all the advantages of despotic power. The pretensions of the house of Othman kept pace with its achievements. Originally its chief had been content with the title of Emir; but Bajazet I., by means to which we shall immediately refer, procured for himself, towards the end of the century, the more dignified denomination of Sultan. Already, in justification of his new assumptions, had he invested Constantinople, when events occurred by which the very course of Fate itself appeared to be threatened with a change. We can do no more than specify in a few words the occurrences which abruptly subverted the whole superstructure of Turkish power; which scattered all its acquisitions to the winds, and which render its ultimate restoration one of the most extraordinary incidents in the records of history.

In the height of his power and presumption, Bajazet was conquered and carried into captivity by Timour. By this defeat the inheritance of his house became to all appearance entirely dissolved. Its Asiatic possessions, though contemptuously abandoned by the conqueror, were seized upon by the Seljukian Turks; who regained the positions from which they had been dislodged; while in Europe the opportunity was turned to similar account by the reviving spirit of the Greeks. To complete the ruin, civil war between the sons of Bajazet presently ensued; and the heirs of the Ottoman house, instead of repairing their fortunes by concord and patience, were fighting desperately among themselves for a heritage which hardly existed save in name. The perfect restoration of a state, dismembered and dismantled, at such a stage of its existence, by so destructive and shattering a shock, may be described as without parallel in history—and yet within ten years it was completely effected. Mahomet, the most saga-

cious of the sons of Bajazet, waited his time; and at length, by the extinction of other claims, succeeded in recovering both the Asiatic and European conquests of his family, and in reuniting the thrones of Adrianople and Prusa. A peaceful and prudent reign of eight years enabled him to consolidate his dominion anew; and when, in 1421, Amaruth II. succeeded to the crown of his father, the Ottoman power was as vigorous, as sound, and as aggressive as if the battle of Angora had never been fought.

We are now arrived at a period when the destinies of the Ottoman house were to be finally determined. Up to this time the progress and renown of the Turkish arms had stimulated Europe to nothing but a few insincere leagues and a single precipitate crusade; nor can we be wrong in presuming that the recent temporary suspension and apparent annihilation of the Ottoman power must have operated materially in still further indisposing European statesmen to exertion or alarm. But the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II., in 1453, changed the whole aspect of affairs. It has been usual to describe this memorable event as one of those which mark a new epoch; and as serving to introduce that period of history which we now emphatically term Modern. Undoubtedly, the definite and final extinction of the Roman Empire and the diffusion of Greek literature were incidents of no ordinary note; but by far the most important consequences of Mahomet's success were those which affected the Ottomans themselves. As regards Europe, it cannot be said that the destruction of the Lower Empire left any perceptible void in the community of states. As no system of mutual relationship had yet been established among Christian powers, no special disturbance, such as would in the present day follow on the extinction of a particular member, could then be expected to ensue; and, even in the partial and transient examples of concert which had occasionally occurred, Constantinople had long been without appreciable influence or consideration. Since, therefore, no European functions had been discharged by the Lower Empire, no positive loss could be felt from its destruction; nor was the capture of Constantinople of much greater significance, in this respect, than the capture of Delhi. But, as affecting the rising power of the Ottomans, the event was of most material importance. It created, as it were, a vacancy in the list of recognized monarchies, and delivered over to a state, which already wanted little but a seat of central power, one of the oldest and most famous capitals of Europe. It gave to the house of Othman, in a single day, exactly the *status* which it needed; and which years of successful invasions and forays would have failed to secure. It precluded all future antagonism between Adrianople and Prusa; and established a permanent cohesion between the European and Asiatic dominions of the Turkish crown. More than this—it conveyed to the sultans and their successors certain traditional pretensions, of which they soon

discovered the value. The empire of the East, according to their assertions, had neither been terminated nor dissolved, but had merely passed, like other kingdoms of the earth, to stronger and more deserving possessors. They claimed to represent the majesty of Constantine, and to inherit his dominion. From such presumptions it was easy to derive warrants, if warrants were needed, for war against the Venetians, whose possessions in the Archipelago and the Levant were but spoils ravished from the declining strength of Constantinople; or against the Germans, whose rival pretensions to imperial supremacy were easily impugned. To the other titles of the Ottoman sovereigns was now added, accordingly, that of Keesar of Roum; and they were furnished, independently of the standing dictates of their religion, with prettexts of some plausibility for carrying their aggressive arms across the Adriatic.

We should probably not be justified in attributing to any accurate perception of these risks, the anxiety and terror which are described as pervading the courts of Christendom at the final intelligence of this catastrophe. There was serious agitation in Rome, considerable alarm on the Danube, and great scandal everywhere. A Christian capital of ancient name and famous memory had been sacked by an unbelieving race, whose name for generations past had been the horror of Europe. Yet abruptly as the blow was at last felt to descend, it had long been visibly suspended; and, although no human power could have permanently protected the Greek Cæsars in their capital, while the Turks were established in unquestioned sovereignty between the Danube and the Euphrates, the actual circumstances of the siege were, nevertheless, such as to cast heavy imputation and responsibility upon the powers of Europe. The imperial city had been allowed to sustain the full shock of the Ottoman forces, with a weak and inadequate garrison of eight thousand men, three fourths of whom were supplied from the population within the walls; so that the chivalry of Christendom was represented, at this critical period, by two thousand auxiliaries! Yet, that there was both room and opportunity for effectual succor, was evident, not only from the manner in which the defence, even under such circumstances, was protracted, but from the diversion which had been accomplished, during Bajazet's investment, by a force of only six hundred men-at-arms, and twice as many archers, under Marshal Boucicault.

But the truth was, that, although the actual catastrophe created a momentary consternation, and even occasioned the revival in certain quarters of crusading vows, there existed, as we have already said, no fellow-feeling with the Greeks sufficiently strong to suggest an effective expedition; nor in fact any facilities for such an enterprise in the social or political condition of Europe. The Turks were no new enemies; nor were they now seen for the first time on the northern shore of the straits. The resources of Christendom

might admit of combination and exertion in the event of an actual irruption of barbarians or infidels, as when Frederic II. repulsed the Moguls, or Charles V. scared the Ottomans under the great Solyman; but for aggressive enterprise in distant regions they were no longer available. The writings of *Æneas Sylvius*—one of the earliest statesmen who surveyed the several powers of Europe in connection with each other—give an intelligible picture of the condition of affairs at this period. The fall of Constantinople had excited some sympathies, but more selfishness. A certain commiseration, quickened by the refugees dispersed over the countries of the West, was felt for the exiled Greeks: but a far more lively sentiment was excited by the demonstrations of the triumphant Ottoman against the Italian peninsula. So reasonable were the apprehensions on this head made to appear, that, within twelve months of the capture of the city, war was actually declared against the new empire of the East in the Frankfort Diet; and, five years later, it was formally resolved, at the Congress of Mantua, that 50,000 confederate soldiers should be equipped for the expulsion of the infidel, and the conclusive deliverance of Christendom. Neither of these designs, however, proceeded beyond the original menace; and the Turks were left in undisputed possession of their noble spoil.

Between this turning point of Turkish destinies, and the new epoch to which we must now direct our attention, there intervened a period of great general interest, and of remarkable importance to the Ottoman empire—but not inducing any material changes in the relations of this power with Western Europe. The avowed designs of Mahomet II. upon the capital of Christendom, illustrated as they were by his attitude on the Danube and his actual lodgement at Otranto, were not indeed without their influence, as was shown by the multitude of volunteers who flocked to the standard of the intrepid Hunniades. But when the idea of Ottoman invincibility had been corrected by the victories of the allies at Belgrade, by the successful defiance of Scanderbeg, and by the triumphant resistance of the knights of Rhodes, this restlessness soon subsided, and the course of events became presently such as to substitute new objects of concern in European counsels for the power and progress of the Turks. Perhaps the wild and indefinite projects of Charles VIII., in that gigantic national foray upon Italy which disorganized the mediæval constitution of Europe, may be taken as a fair representation of the ideas prevailing respecting Constantinople, thirty years after the fall of the city. If the forces of France and Spain, instead of contending in deadly struggles for the possession of Italy, had been combined against a common enemy upon the Hellespont, it is certainly possible that something might have been achieved. The great Gonzalvo did, indeed, once appear upon the scene as an ally of the Venetians, and with an effect proportionate to his reputation. But in computing the chances of any

such enterprise, it must be remembered that the Turks had hitherto achieved their conquests, not by mere force of numbers, like the Tartar hordes, but by superiority of discipline, tactics, equipments, and science. In this respect, at least, they were no barbarians. Their army was incomparably the strongest in Europe—and especially in those departments which indicate the highest military excellence. For many years afterwards, their artillery and engineers surpassed those of the best appointed European troops. These advantages would have told with tenfold effect from such ramparts as those of Constantinople, while nothing, on the other hand, short of a recapture of the city, and a complete dislodgement of the intruders, could have effected the objects of the Christian powers. Above all, it should be recollected, what was so clearly proved in the sequel, that these powers could not then be relied on for any steadiness of concert, or any integrity of purpose; and that the religious zeal of former days was certainly not now in sufficient strength to furnish an extraordinary bond of union. The Turks were no longer politically regarded as the common foes, either of the human race or the Christian name. Already had the ordinary transactions of bargains and contracts become familiar between them and the Venetians; dealings of a more degrading kind had compromised the Papal See, and the Ottoman arms had in various expeditions been repeatedly aided by small Christian succors. It is related, indeed, that high pay and liberal encouragement attracted recruits from all countries to the Turkish ranks; nor is there, we believe, much reason to doubt that many an European Dalgetty was serving under the standard of the Prophet. The number of renegade vizirs and pashas that have figured in the Turkish service is something extraordinary.

To these considerations must be added the fact, that during the seventy years thus interposed between the capture of Constantinople and the accession of the great Solyman, the designs of Ottoman ambition had been diverted from the North and West to the East and South—from the shores of the Adriatic and the Danube to the defiles of Armenia and the plains of Cairo. Though the supremacy of the Turks was, it is true, steadily supported on the scene of its recent triumphs, and even unusually signalized on the waters of the Archipelago, yet the chief efforts of the two immediate successors of Mahomet were concentrated upon the territories of Persia and Egypt. It does not enter into our present plan to discuss the interesting results with which these efforts were attended. We need only remark, that while the overthrow of the Mameluke dynasty and the conquest (in 1516) of the kingdom of Egypt, compensated for the less productive invasions of the Persian provinces, the two objects together combined to divert the attention of the sultans from Europe, and to suspend, for an interval, the apprehensions of Christendom. Looking back, therefore, for a moment from the point which we have now attained, we can see that the first

rise of the Ottoman power occurred at such a period and under such circumstances as to deprive the phenomenon of any great singularity or terror; that even the passage of the Turks into Europe, their appearance on the Danube, and the permanent investment of Constantinople which virtually ensued, exercised no proportionate influence on the opinions of Western Europe, wearied as it was with crusades, and detached as it had long practically been from any civil or religious intercourse with the Greeks of the Lower Empire; and that the Ottoman invaders thus finally stepped without material opposition into an imperial inheritance—which supplied them opportunely and in full perfection with what they most needed for the consolidation of their conquests—a local habitation and a recognized name among the powers of Europe. But for the occupation of Constantinople, the dominion of the Ottomans might possibly have been little more durable than the dominion of the Horde on the Don. Lastly, we may remark, that the power of resistance to further aggression, developed at Belgrade, and exemplified by the evacuation of Otranto, contributed, in connection with the diversion of Turkish conquests to other quarters of the globe, to re-assure the kingdoms of the West; and to prepare the way for the eventual admission of a Mahometan power into the political community of Christian states. Some of the earlier causes conducive to this remarkable consummation we have already pointed out; but others, of no inferior interest, remain yet to be noticed.

In the month of February, 1536, the nations of Europe were scandalized—we may still employ the expression—with the intelligence that a treaty of amity and concord had been struck between the Grand Seignior of the Turks and the first king of the Christian world! At an earlier period Francis I. of France had not hesitated to enter into one of those nominal leagues against the Turk, which decency was still thought occasionally to dictate, and of which it was the immediate interest of Charles V. to perpetuate the spirit. But the ease and readiness with which these considerations were now subordinated to the very first suggestions of practical policy, furnish edifying matter of observation. The political system of European states—that is to say, the system in pursuance of which a reciprocal relationship is established between the several members of the community for the preservation of a general equilibrium—was then in process of formation; a more curious example of its tendencies could hardly be given than this which we are now attempting to represent, in which the single idea contained in the term “balance of power” sufficed, first, to introduce an infidel state into the company of Christian sovereigns; secondly, to bring aid and countenance to that state in its very aggressions; and, lastly, when the course of events had hastened the premature hour of its decline, to protect its weakness, to assert its cause against even Christian adversaries, and to guarantee it, long, apparently, beyond the proper term, in a political and national existence.

The system of which we have been speaking took its rise, or, at least, assumed its first practical developments, from the rivalry between France and Spain. The aggrandizement and consolidation which each of these kingdoms, though in an unequal degree, had recently attained, constituted them "the two crowns" of Christendom. The antagonism naturally ensuing between powers thus situated, soon drew the other states of Europe into its sphere of action. This rivalry had been first exemplified in the Italian wars which followed upon the expedition of Charles VIII., and it was continued entirely in the spirit which that extraordinary enterprise had generated. The contested supremacy was for many years conceived to be represented by the possession of Italy; and the innumerable permutations of alliances, which had been witnessed in the wars referred to, suggested all the requisite ideas of state-combinations. Whether it can be strictly said that, in these early transactions, regard was really had to that equitable adjustment of power which became, subsequently, the avowed object of similar struggles, may be reasonably doubted; but, at all events, European states now first began to group themselves about two centres; and both parties anxiously cast about for means of circumscribing the resources of their adversary or enlarging their own. It was no more than a natural result of such a condition of things, that the causes which had hitherto operated in promoting hostilities or friendship between states, should be superseded by more absorbing considerations of present policy; and it will be seen, accordingly, that though religious differences were still capable of originating wars, yet no material obstacle was found in diversity of creeds to the establishment of cordial and permanent alliances. In the Thirty Years' War, for instance, though the dispute lay ostensibly between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant constituencies of the empire, yet the paramount object of the aggressive belligerents was the depression of the house of Austria; and in this good cause, the Popish troops of France, at the instigation of a cardinal minister, fought shoulder to shoulder with the parti-colored Protestants of Germany and Sweden.

It was in such a state of affairs and opinion, that Francis I. turned his eyes towards the Porte. Solymán the Great, who in 1520 had ascended the Turkish throne, had again directed the Ottoman arms to European conquests—and with a success surpassing the boldest achievements of his victorious predecessors. But these events, which a century before might have struck all Christian capitals with indignation and alarm, were now only looked upon as so many inducements to a political alliance. Francis saw in Solymán, not the conqueror of Rhodes and the would-be subjugator of Christendom, but the monarch of a mighty state availably situated for active diversion, and already at feud with his deadly enemy. That the Ottoman sultan should have invested Vienna, and openly advanced pretensions to the supremacy

claimed by Charles, were circumstances only additionally suggestive of the projected treaty. His resolution was taken accordingly. There had long been certain relations of trade and amity between French merchants and the Mameluke Soldans of Egypt; and when this country fell, as we have stated, under the dominion of the Turks, the privileges enjoyed by the Christian traffickers had been judiciously confirmed and augmented. These antecedents were turned to account by Francis, who based upon them a proposal for a general commercial treaty between France and the Porte.* The instrument, it is true, did not stipulate any alliance for offence or defence; but the assurances of amity, now ostentatiously interchanged, were sufficiently indicative of the point to which matters were tending; and within a few months the corsair subjects of the Porte were actually let loose upon the Neapolitan possessions of the Catholic king!

Such was the first formal recognition of the Ottoman dynasty of Constantinople. Truces and treaties had, of course, been previously concluded between the Porte and its enemies; but this was the earliest instance of an amicable and gratuitous alliance; and it is worth observing, that so early did it occur, as to make the admission of a Mahometan power into the community of Christian states contemporaneous with the very first and rudimentary combinations of these states among each other. That it was considered a step out of the common course of politics, and that it created, even in impartial quarters, some scandal, we can easily perceive; but not more, perhaps, than had been occasioned by the previous overtures of the same unscrupulous monarch to the Protestants of Smalcald. It is a significant indication, too, of the temper of the times, that the treaty was negotiated at Constantinople by a knight of St. John—and that it contained a special provision for the admission of the Pope to the league!

Still, there was really, as we have said, some scandal; and it needed in fact a concurrence of conditions to bring about so strange an innovation as the political naturalization of the Turk among the states of Christendom. Some of these conditions are in the highest degree curious and interesting. In the first place, since the period when we left the Ottomans on their way towards Egypt and Persia, the reformation of religion in Europe had been successfully carried out. This mighty event exercised a twofold influence upon the relationship between the Christian Powers and the Papal See. On the one hand, by subtracting so many states from the supremacy of the Pope, and weakening, in direct proportion, his authoritative power, it dislocated and neutralized the influence of that particular court, from which all combinations against the misbelievers had previously received their war-

* What a benefit to history, if the national press of other countries was as usefully employed as that of France, in publications resembling the one which we have placed at the head of our present article. Is nobody engaged upon a translation of Von Hammer's "Ottoman Empire?"

rant and organization. No crusade could be maintained without the auspices of a Pope; and upon the good will and services of this potentate more urgent and impressive claims were now preferred. But a few years before, indeed, the pontiff had been besieged and imprisoned in his own city—not by the fierce Mahometans, who once threatened such an attack, and at the echo of whose arms on Italian territory a former Pope had actually prepared to retreat beyond the Alps, but by the sworn foes of these intruders—the troops, on whose protection against such contingencies the powerless Romans had been heretofore taught to rely. The time had past when the most deadly antagonist of the Pope was necessarily the Turk, and with it had gone all opportunity for the moral or material organization of an actual crusade. On the other hand, the support derivable for such purposes from popular opinion was diminished in a corresponding degree by the operation of the same events. A new object had been found for the combative propensities of fanaticism or zeal. In the religious wars of these times, “heretic” was substituted for “infidel,” and the enthusiasm or animosity which in former days might have been directed against the encroachments of the Turk, were now furnished with sufficient occupation by the fatal divisions of Christendom itself. These causes, coöperating with a visible and settled repugnance to distant crusades, with the distractions arising from domestic vicissitudes, and with the indifference to alarming phenomena which familiarity ultimately brings on, may be taken perhaps as explanatory of that course of events which at length not only established the house of Othman upon the throne of the Cæsars, but gave it a title and place in the courts and councils of Europe.

It was not, however, under any ordinary aspect that this diplomatic *début* was solemnized. The Ottoman Porte made its entry into the European system with all the appliances of glory, grandeur, and triumph. Not only was it a first-rate power, but, excepting the yet scarcely manageable resources of Imperial Germany, it was the strongest power which could take the field. This consciousness of strength, combined with that orthodox insolence and heritage of pretensions to which we have alluded, gave to its deportment the genuine impress of barbaric pride. The Emperor of the Ottomans carried himself as a sovereign immeasurably exalted above all the monarchs of the West—especially above those with whom he was brought into immediate contact. The view taken by Solymán of the overtures of Francis I. may be collected from his haughty boast, that in his shadow the kings of France, Poland, Venice, and Transylvania, had been fain to seek refuge. The first Austrian ambassador despatched to the Sublime Porte was sternly rebuked for applying a majestic epithet to his own master, and was thrown contemptuously into prison. Indeed, for a long subsequent period, the oriental arrogance of Turkish sultans withheld from the representatives of foreign powers those honorable immunities which, in

the intercourse of civilized nations, is ever attached to their office; and the personal liberties of the diplomatic body, in the vicinity of the Seven Towers, were proverbially insecure. Meanwhile, it is affirmed, by no less competent authority than that of Azuni, that on general international questions Turkey has at all times set an example of moderation to the more civilized governments of Europe. Sketching, now, a broad outline of the position of Turkey between this time and a period which we may fix at the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, we might say that the idea of the “Infidels” had, from various causes, virtually disappeared; and that if the Porte was on other than acceptable terms with the courts of Christendom, the difference was not owing to its national faith. By the states engaged in hostilities with it, it was regarded as neither more nor less than an ordinary enemy; nor would we undertake to prove that Hungary* had much greater repugnance to a Turkish than to an Austrian master. The states removed from occasions of collision with the Porte were positively amicable—submitting to certain barbaric assumptions in consideration of commercial advantages. France had led the way, from motives already explained; Venice, which in mercantile compacts had been already in the field, promptly followed; and England's first ambassador departed from the court of Elizabeth. His reception, curiously enough, was not unopposed. Previously, our few negotiations with the Porte had been transacted through the representatives of the states already accredited there; and neither Venice nor France was disposed to forego the prerogative of mediation, or to welcome a new competitor on the scene. The objections, however, were overruled, and the Ottoman Porte was declared open to all. In 1606, the united states despatched also their envoy to Constantinople; and thus, either the suggestions of policy or the temptations of trade, had collected the representatives of Christendom about the Turkish Sultan, at as early a period as could be reasonably anticipated from the temper of the government, and the distance of the scene.

The influence directly exerted at this period by Turkey upon Western Europe was not, indeed, remarkable; though there are two points connected with it which deserve to be recorded. The incessant attacks of the Ottomans along the Danube and the Theiss created in Germany such a sense of insecurity as had not been felt since the irruptions of the Moguls; and it became indeed evident that the protection of the empire under such new frontier relations could not be entrusted to a distant or non-resident sovereign. It was true that the front recently shown by Charles V. to Solymán proved that the armies of the East could be over-matched, on emergencies, by the forces of the West; but these forces could be mustered only by such desperate appeals, and after such difficulties, that they supplied but an uncertain resource against the perils constantly impending from the

* Ed. Rev., vol. I., p. 454-5.

ambition or ferocity of the sultan. Even on the occasion alluded to, the Mahometans were in the very heart of Styria, before the strength of the empire could be collected for the deliverance of Germany. These obvious considerations, though they had less weight than might have been anticipated with the imperial states, who apprehended more danger to their liberties from the house of Hapsburg than from the house of Othman, did induce Charles so far to modify his own schemes as to partition the reversion of his possessions, and to bespeak the imperial crown for his brother Ferdinand, instead of his son Philip. His exertions secured a settlement which he afterwards vainly tried to cancel. Ferdinand was elected King of the Romans; and thus the substitution of the formidable Ottoman for the degenerate Greek in the halls of Constantinople, was the means of settling the crown of the empire in a German instead of a Spanish house—and of laying the broad foundation of the great monarchy of Austria. The event, too, produced its reaction on the fortunes of Turkey; for Ferdinand, thus strengthened, succeeded in incorporating the elective crown of Hungary with the already aggrandized inheritance of his family. From this consolidation of dominion flowed two results of signal importance to the subject we are now considering. Not only was a state created of sufficient magnitude to resist the aggressions of the Turk, but this rival empire became actually *contiguous* with the Ottoman dominions. Prague, Buda, and Vienna were now capitals of the same kingdom; a blow struck at Zeuta was felt at Frankfort; and thus, instead of the uncertain resistance dictated by the fitful and erratic impulses of Hungarian cavaliers, a steady force was organized and arrayed against the Turk, and the majesty and strength of imperial Christendom was brought bodily on his borders.

It is with no wish to disparage the national character of Hungary that we here acknowledge our doubts whether this kingdom of itself either served or could have served as that "bulwark of Christendom" which it has been often denominated. We think, indeed, that after an impartial review of the annals of this period, it will be difficult to escape the conclusion that, but for its practical identification with the Germanic empire, it would probably have become, and perhaps have remained, a dependency of the misbelievers. Even as it was, it should be remembered that Buda was Turkish for almost as long a period as Gibraltar has been English; while, as regards any active or inveterate antagonism on the score of religion, we find little ground for concluding that the inhabitants of Hungary would have shown more tenacity than the population of Wallachia or Moldavia. The personal prowess and brilliant successes of Hunniades and Matthias Corvinus were mainly instrumental, no doubt, in stemming the first torrent of Ottoman conquest; but though the flower of the armies which encountered the Moslem on the Danube were usually supplied from the chivalry of Hungary, it is impossible not to trace the ulti-

mate transfer of ascendancy, to those events which established a mutual assurance among all the kingdoms between the Vistula and the Rhine.

The second of the points to which we alluded as notably exemplifying the influence of Turkey upon Christendom was the establishment, on the coast of Barbary, of those anomalous piratical states which have only within our own generation become extinct. From the earliest development of their national strength, the Turks have always experienced and confessed their inferiority on the seas; and though their unexpected victory over the Venetians at Sapienza for a moment might appear to announce a change, yet the improvement was not maintained; and the famous battle of Lepanto decided the capacity of the Turkish marine. Exasperated, however, at the insults to which he was exposed, and desirous of creating by any methods some counterpoise to the supremacy of the European powers in the Mediterranean, Selyman the Great invested the celebrated Barbarossa with a title beyond the mere fact of conquest, to the possessions he had already acquired on the African coast. Algiers and its kindred strongholds became feudatories of the Porte; and in this capacity supplied, as will be remembered, the materials for some of the most curious historical episodes of the times in question. To say that these predatory governments ever seriously influenced the affairs of Europe would be attributing to them too great importance; but before the rise and growth of the proper powers maritime, they often successfully contested the command of the adjacent waters. It might have been reasonably expected that they would have been outlawed by the very fact of the profession which they so audaciously carried on. Instead of this, treaties were entered into with them by too many states to allow of their being proceeded against as pirates; so that the favor of the Porte had little difficulty in maintaining them for three centuries in their anomalous existence. Something, perhaps, they owed to the reciprocal jealousies of Christian states; and it deserves at least to be mentioned, that our own good understanding with these piratical communities preceded even our definite alliance with Holland, and was disturbed by only a single serious rupture through a century and a half.

Our review has now reached a point at which the action of the Ottoman empire upon the affairs of Christendom can no longer be described as peculiarly that of a Mahometan power. The holy war against Christians no longer supplied any guiding principle of Turkish policy, nor was any combination likely to be suggested by analogous considerations on the other side. When Mahomet III. departed from Constantinople on his campaign against the Emperor Rodolf II., his martial pomp was swelled by the ambassadors of France and England. And in truth, at the opening of the seventeenth century, the principal European states were either at peace with the Porte, or had contracted positive alliances with it. The idea of attaching to it any

political disabilities on the score of religion, had in reality become extinct, though it still survived in popular conceptions, and received occasional illustrations in examples of individual chivalry. In fact, the existence of the still powerful order of St. John, holding its possessions and privileges on the recorded condition of war with the infidel, was sufficient to perpetuate the traditions of a previous period; and instances of volunteers in the same cause were of constant recurrence. The spirit of which we are speaking was conspicuously exemplified at the famous siege of Candia, when, in addition to other succors, the garrison was reinforced by a select band of Christian knights under the Duc de Beaufort, although the alliance between France and the Porte remained nominally undisturbed. "The French," said the vizier Kiuperli on this occasion, "are our friends;—but we usually find them with our enemies." No serious notice, however, was taken of these incidents; nor was there wanting at Constantinople an accurate appreciation of the subsisting policy of the principal cabinets of Europe. In the reign of our Charles I., a Venetian envoy ventured to threaten the Porte with a Christian league. "The Pope," returned the Turkish minister, "would sting if he could, but he has lost the power; Spain and Germany have their own work upon their hands; the interests of France are ours; while, as to England and Holland, they would only be too glad to supersede you in the commercial privileges you enjoy. Declare your war then—and see how you will fare for allies." This estimate of the condition and temper of contemporary governments was tolerably correct, and, indeed, a combination of motives frequently secured to the Porte diplomatic concessions not yielded to any Christian power. Nor was its character in its public relations wholly that of a barbarian state. It was unquestionably chargeable with ignorant vanity, with passionate caprice, with savage cruelty, and with a contemptuous disregard of international usages; but, on the other hand, it often displayed a magnanimous disdain of opportunities, and a noble sympathy for greatness in misfortune; while its ordinary respect for such treaty engagements as it had formally contracted, was at least on a level with that of other governments, from whose civilization and religion more might have been expected.

The truth is, that at this period the peculiar character of the Turkish state was manifested rather in its neutrality than its aggressiveness. Bacon's doctrine that there was a perpetual justification of invasive war with the Turks, on the ground of prevention, was evidently an anachronism. Probably no Christian power, in such a position, could have avoided an active participation in the wars of religion and succession which one after another desolated the European Continent; whereas the arms of Turkey, at this crisis of the destinies of Germany, were again turned with irresistible force upon Persia. It was not until that terrible struggle had been terminated,

that the Ottomans were allured, by the seductive representations of Tekeli, to make their last gratuitous demonstrations against the capital of the Western Empire. But the result of this famous invasion was very different from what they had anticipated. Not only were the ramparts of Vienna maintained against Black Mustapha's janizaries, and his spahis scattered by the first charge of Sobieski's cavaliers, but the several particulars of the campaign disclosed the fact that the preëminence in arms had passed at length from the Ottomans to the Christians. The stories of this celebrated siege, and the apparent peril of a second Christian capital, tended to revive in no small degree the popular horror of the Turk; however, in point of fact, the growing ascendancy of Christendom had been indisputably shown. Already had the defence of Candia, protracted to more than twice the length of the defence of Troy, demonstrated the resources of even unorganized Europe against the whole forces of the Ottoman Empire, directed by the ablest minister it had ever known; the recollections of Lepanto were reanimated and heightened by a new series of naval victories; and now, for the first time, the superior excellence of European tactics was displayed on the banks of the Danube. Even had Vienna yielded to the first assaults, there is scarcely any room for doubting that the tide of conquest must soon have been both stayed and turned.

Still, although the seventeenth century was to close upon the Porte with humiliation and discomfiture, neither its attitude nor its position among the states of Europe had yet experienced any material change. It no longer, indeed, maintained a mastery in the field; but it still preserved its traditional carriage in the cabinet. It was still beyond obvious reach of insult or attack, and still affected the haughty language of unapproachable supremacy. It had not yet come to need countenance or protection; nor was the power at present in being before whose deadly antagonism its fortunes were at length to fail. A step, however, had about this time been taken towards the impending change, which deserves to be recorded. The Turks were disqualified, no less by individual character than by national pretensions, for the subtle functions of diplomacy; and the rude violence of their deportment in their foreign relations may be ascribed in no inconsiderable degree to the fierce and obstinate bearing of a true believer. Towards the end of the century, accidental events suggested the employment, in this peculiar capacity, of the Grecian subjects of the Porte; who turned to such account the opportunities which were thus afforded them, that they presently monopolized the more important duties of external intercourse. In some sense, the Ottoman Empire was of course a gainer by the substitution of these supple intriguers for its own intractable sons; but the change contributed materially to affect its position in the eyes of other nations, and served incidentally to mark the period at which its characteristic arrogance began to recede.

With the eighteenth century a new scene opened

upon Europe, in which the part hitherto played by Turkey was to be strangely reversed. Though we have brought our sketch of the Ottoman fortunes to a comparatively modern period, we have as yet had no opportunity of naming that remarkable nation by whose action they were to be finally regulated. The reader may, perhaps, be amused with the first dim foreshadowing of the mighty figures which were to come. In times long past, before the singular succession of bold and sagacious monarchs on the throne of Constantinople had been broken by the elevation of idiots or debauchees from the recesses of the seraglio, some of these powerful princes, with an enlightenment for which they have hardly received sufficient credit, east about for means of restoring those commercial advantages of which their dominions had been deprived by the discoveries of Vasco di Gama, and by the consequent diversion of Eastern trade from the overland route to an entirely new channel. Among other projects for this purpose, Selim II. conceived or revived the idea of connecting by an artificial canal, at the most convenient points, the two great streams of the Don and the Volga, thus opening a navigable passage from the Black Sea to the Caspian, and establishing an easy communication between Central Asia and Western Europe. It was seldom that the Ottoman sultans did their work negligently. On this occasion the zeal of Selim was quickened by his desire to invade Persia through the new route, and he commenced his canal as it might have been commenced by a king of Egypt. He may be pardoned, in the fulness of his power, for not taking into account the destined opposition to his schemes. As the work, however, was proceeding, a body of men, with uncouth figures, strange features, and barbarous language, sallied out from a neighboring town, surprised the expedition, and cut soldiers and workmen to pieces. These savages were the Muscovite subjects of Ivan the Terrible—and such was the first encounter of *the Turks and the Russians*.

About the middle of the ninth century, a short time before the accession of our Alfred the Great, Rurik, one of the Varangian rovers of the Baltic, sailed into the Gulf of Finland, and, with the audacity and fortune characteristic of his race, established a Norman dynasty at Novogorod. He presently despatched a step-son to secure the city of Kiev, on the Dnieper, which had formed the southern settlements of the old Slavish population, as Novogorod had formed the northern; and the invaders thus became the recognized lords of a country which was even then called Russia. To the instincts of the new settlers, the wealthy and unwarlike empire of the East was a point of irresistible attraction, and five times within a century were the "Russians" conducted by their new rulers to the siege of Constantinople. The bulwarks, however, of the imperial city were proof against the canoes and spears of the barbarians; and the last of these expeditions, in 955, terminated in an event which precluded any recurrence of the trial. By the instrumentality of a princess, the

house of Rurik and its subjects received the doctrines of Christianity; and from this time the marauding ambition of the Russians was exchanged for a deep respect towards that state from which they had obtained their religion, their written characters, and many of the usages of civilization. Unfortunately, one of the consequences of the disorders of an irregular and disputed succession was the transfer, about the year 1170, of the seat of government from Kiev to Vladimir. The former city had been early preferred to Novogorod, on account of its contiguity to the scene of anticipated conquest; and, when the relations between its rulers and the Greek emperors had experienced the change to which we have referred, the proximity was still desirable, for the sake of an intercourse which was exercising a highly beneficial though partial influence upon the rising kingdom. But this removal of the "grand princes" or "dukes" from so convenient a capital as Kiev, to what is nearly the centre of the present monarchy, completely cut off the Russians from Constantinople and Christendom; and was the first of those occurrences which so singularly retarded the political development of this mighty state. The second was the invasion of the Moguls.

When, in the middle of the thirteenth century, the Tartars of the Asiatic Highlands burst, for the third time, upon the plains of Europe, they found an easy prey in the disorganized principalities of Russia. Vladimir, as we have remarked, was the capital of a grand duchy, to which a score of princes, all of the blood of Rurik, owed a nominal allegiance; but, so destructive had been the consequences of unsettled successions and repeated partitions, that there was nothing to oppose the inroad or settlement of the Mogul; and the result was the establishment, upon the banks of the Don, of a Tartar khannat, with undisputed supremacy over the ancient princes of the land. The sovereignty of the horde, however, although complete, was not very actively exerted; and, in the two centuries which followed, the grand dukes were left at liberty to work out, in the interior of the country, the problem of Russian liberation. Kiev having now been definitely abandoned, the seats of the three leading princes were at Vladimir, Twer, and Moscow; the first of which lines enjoyed the supremacy, until it devolved, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, upon Twer, and, in the course of about fifty years more, upon Moscow. At this point the succession was finally settled in the person of Ivan of Moscow, surnamed Kalita; whose resources were strengthened by the gradual conflux of the population upon his territory, as they retired from the encroachments of the Lithuanians and Poles. His descendants were soon enabled to hold their own, not only against these nations, but even against their Tartar lords; and the frame of a kingdom of "Muscovy" was already formed, when, in 1462, IVAN THE GREAT succeeded to the heritage of his ancestors. So completely, indeed, had the collateral lines of the royal stock been subordinated to its head, that lit-

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le more was required for the consolidation of a powerful monarchy than the reduction of some municipal republics, and the subjugation of the now enfeebled horde on the Don. These conditions were soon realized. In 1481, Ivan, assuming the title of Czar, announced himself as an independent sovereign to the states of Christendom; and the EMPIRE OF RUSSIA was formed.

It is very remarkable that even this remote and peculiar state, which then gave so little promise of its future destiny, should thus have been apparently consolidated at the same period which witnessed the definite formation of so many of the European kingdoms. Ivan the Great was contemporary with Maximilian of Austria, with Ferdinand of Spain, and with Louis XI. of France. And circumstances, arising immediately from the events before us, seemed at one moment to favor, in no small degree, the ultimate development of the new dominion. Constantinople, the early patroness of Russian progress and civilization, from which the recollections of the people had never, even by the intruding Tartars, been wholly estranged, had now, in her original capacity and influence, become extinct, and was occupied by aliens in religion and race. We may perhaps say, indeed, that this catastrophe was more sincerely felt in Russia than in any other part of Christendom. To the high gratification of his subjects, Ivan raised Sophia, the last of the Greek princesses, to a share of his throne and bed; adopted as the ensign of his state the two-headed eagle, which, by a strange vicissitude, had now been replaced at Constantinople by the old crescent of pagan Byzantium; and appeared, by his alliance and his sympathies, to have acquired some of the dignity and pretensions of the emperors of the Greeks. Detached, in this manner, from its original connection with the East, the Russian monarchy acquired rather a European than an Asiatic aspect—an exchange undoubtedly conducive to its eventual advancement. Its penance, however, was not yet done. At this critical juncture, when everything appeared to promise the speedy growth of the new power, the old stock of Rurik, after seven centuries and a half of existence, failed in the third generation from the great Ivan; and a succession of usurpers, invaders, and pretenders, for fifteen years, during which interregnum the country narrowly escaped annexation to Poland, threw back the rising monarchy into a condition scarcely better than that from which it had emerged. At length, in 1613, the election of Michael Romanoff to the vacant throne provided Russia anew with a royal stock; and the fated antagonist of the house of Othman was finally established in policy and power.

But for the retarding circumstances to which we have referred, it is probable that the relations between Turkey and Christendom would have been changed at a much earlier period by the menacing attitude of Russian dominion. Alexis, the second of the Romanoffs, suggested, even in the middle of the seventeenth century, the formation of a holy

league against the infidels of Constantinople. His country, however, was as yet in no condition to play the part desired; nor was it, indeed, until the days of Peter the Great, that Russian vessels, after a lapse of nearly eight centuries, again swam the sea of Azov. Still, the future was preparing. The peace of Carlowitz, in 1699, terminated the last of those Turkish wars by which European freedom was conceived to be threatened. It actually included Russia; and thus was Russia, for the first time, brought seriously into hostile contact with the Porte. It may be even added, that the terms of the treaty were honorable to Peter; nevertheless, although the ascendancy of the Imperialist over the Ottoman arms had now been conclusively decided, some time further was to elapse before this superiority was shared by Russia also.

The Turkish Empire entered upon the eighteenth century considerably damaged by the last campaigns. Its forces had been relatively, though not, perhaps, actually weakened; but its reputation was most seriously diminished. Nevertheless, this very circumstance probably contributed, by finally removing all dread of its aggressions, to promote that peculiar interest which the cabinets of Europe now began to take in its political fortunes. It was, however, the progress of Russia alone which modified the estimation of Turkey among the western states; and we shall best understand this gradual revolution of opinion by observing the respective positions of the Porte and its new rival at the close of the several wars by which this century was distinguished. It should be recollected that the direct influence of Turkey, at this period, upon the European system, was almost exclusively confined to the northern states. The secret inspiration of France was, indeed, perceptible in the decisions of the Divan; but it was only on the banks of the Vistula and the shores of the Baltic that the vibrations of Ottoman struggles were practically felt. Acting on Russia and Poland through the medium of Cossack and Tartar hordes, which carried their allegiance and their disorder to all those countries in turn—on Prussia and Sweden through Poland, and on Denmark through Russia—the Turkish Empire found itself connected with the less important moiety of Christendom—its relations with the Great Powers of the West being mainly suggested by its capacities for annoying Austria. In the wars, therefore, of the Spanish succession, as in the other great European contests, the Ottoman Empire was in no ways directly mixed. Though its councils, as we shall presently see, became more and more exposed to the intrigues of diplomatists, yet so lordly was the indifference of the Porte to such opportunities, and so capricious and uncertain was its disposition, that no extensive combination could be safely based on its probable demeanor.

When the division of Europe with which it was most immediately concerned had been convulsed by the enterprises of Charles XII. of Sweden, it took no original part in the quarrel; but

when, after the defeat of Pultawa, the vanquished hero sought refuge at Bender, the peace of Carlowitz was summarily broken, in behalf of a sovereign whose inferiority to his adversary had been exposed before all the world. It would be a work of some interest to ascertain how far the Divan was actually influenced by any considerations respecting Russian aggrandizement, and whether, upon this early occasion, its deliberations were swayed by the maxims of more modern policy. That it was not so influenced, to any very great extent, we may perhaps infer from its promptitude in engaging the Czar, and from the justification which such confidence received on the Pruth. Peter was there completely discomfited; and, although the Swedish king gained nothing in the end, the advantages obtained by the Turks over the Russians appeared, in 1711, quite decisive on the comparative strength of the two parties. In 1724, however, the Divan had begun to look with jealousy, if not apprehension, upon the growth of Russia; and war was only averted by the good offices of the French court. Its ambassador, on this occasion, represented to the Porte, remarkably enough, that the aggrandizement of Russia could be in no wise injurious to the Ottoman interests; but that, on the contrary, it would supply a counterpoise against Austria, the natural enemy of Mahometan power. It is said that Peter the Great bequeathed certain cabinet traditions for effacing what he considered to be the humiliating features of the treaty of the Pruth; and it is at any rate clear, that when the accession of the Empress Anne introduced fresh spirit into the Russian counsels, an opportunity was promptly found to renew hostilities with the Ottomans. Indeed, the cabinet of St. Petersburg appears to have even now almost succeeded to the imperious carriage of the Porte itself. Though, twenty years later, such was the condition of the country, that one of the most intelligent of French diplomatists described it as a country liable, at any moment, to relapse into barbarism, and on that ground disqualified for any permanent alliances; yet it already assumed all the airs of supremacy, so far as even to contest the ancient precedence of France. The war from 1735 to 1739, which now ensued, proved the hinging point in the military fortunes of Turkey. It cannot certainly be termed discreditable in its conduct. Since, notwithstanding that it was actually engaged in Persia with the formidable Nadir Shah, the Porte was still able to show a resolute front to Munnich in the Crimea, and to the Count de Wallis on the Danube, and at length drove the Austrians to a precipitate peace under the walls of Belgrade. But though the honor of the Ottoman arms was thus far unexpectedly maintained, and though no advantage was ever gained against them without a desperate struggle, it was nevertheless demonstrated, by the results of the campaign, that the rising power of Russia had at length reached an equality with that of Turkey; nor could it be much longer doubtful with which the superiority would rest for the future. The point had now been reached after

which, even if Turkey did not retrograde, yet Russia must continue to advance—and the distance between them must yearly increase. Even the terms of the particular treaty which followed immediately upon the peace of Belgrade, showed the change of relationship between them. The territorial arrangements were not greatly to the disadvantage of the Porte; but the haughty Ottoman condescended to acknowledge an "empress" in the Czarina; and an explicit stipulation was introduced for the annulment of all previous conventions, agreements, and concessions, and the recognition of this treaty as solely defining the relations which were to subsist thereafter between the contracting powers.

After this, all, excepting the actual conquest of the Ottoman Empire, may be said to be virtually over. In fact, even the last war had been commenced with the definite expectation of despoiling the Porte of some, at least, of its European possessions—so precipitate had been its decline. Turkey was now fairly on the descending limb of her orbit; and it seemed easy to calculate the speed with which she was hastening to her setting. True to her ancient policy, if such a term can be applied to a strange combination of ignorance, highmindedness, and disdain, the Porte took no part in the wars which embroiled its old antagonist at the demise, in 1740, of the imperial crown; or in the seven years' hostilities which afterwards ensued. On the contrary, it actually proffered its disinterested mediation to the belligerents, and voluntarily despatched to the court of Vienna assurances of its unaltered amity. The question on which peace was at last broken was that of expiring Poland. To say that the Divan was mainly influenced in this movement by sentiments of sympathy or generosity, would be saying too much; but, so blind was it to the changes which time had wrought in the relative strength of the parties, that, in 1768, it deliberately and of its own accord declared war upon Russia. The campaigns which followed, speedily demonstrated the fatal folly of such a proceeding. The position of Turkey had, for nearly half a century, been defensive, and its vulnerable points were now fully exposed. On the other hand, so steady and rapid had been the advance, in the last thirty years, of Russian power, that the germs of all its subsequent pretensions were already visible, with their consequences, in this, the first war after the peace of Belgrade. Russian squadrons immediately scoured the Archipelago; Russian missionaries excited the Greek subjects of the Porte to rebellion; Russian agents tampered with the refractory governors of Egypt. So settled was the confidence of Catharine II. in the superiority of her admirably disciplined troops, that the vast hosts of the Ottomans were deliberately met by one eighth of their numbers—and with perfect success. The Turks were driven out of Wallachia and Moldavia; the Danube was crossed; the fortresses of its southern bank invested; and the Ottoman communications intercepted between the

famous camp of Schumla and its magazines at Varna.

And now, for the first time, were the general apprehensions of Christendom excited, *on behalf of the Turks*. Austria, though both previously and subsequently allured by a proposal for sharing the expected spoils, discerned a new danger and a new policy, while England and France acquired new motives of interest; and even Prussia acknowledged her concern. What adds to the significance of this agitation is, that it was of no avail. Catharine proudly rejected all intervention; and, at her own time and upon her own terms, dictated the treaty of Kainardgi, which carried the old frontier of Peter the Great on to the banks of the Bug.

This was the first advancement of the boundaries of Russia to the south; and we may convey an intelligible idea of the system commenced, on this occasion, by merely enumerating the stages of its progress from those days to the present. Between the channels of the Dnieper and the Danube three smaller streams fall in parallel directions into the waters of the Euxine—the Bug, the Dniester, and the Pruth. In the time of Peter, the Russian frontier had been formed by the Dnieper; in 1774, it was carried, as we have said, to the Bug; in 1792 to the Dniester; in 1812 to the Pruth; and in 1829, the line was made to include the mouths of the Danube. These advances represent, of course, grave contests and serious cost. In 1784, Catharine had so far ventured on the rights of the strongest, as to annex the Crimea to her dominion, by the simple authority of an imperial ukase. But by her menacing parades in these regions, and by her haughty inscription—"the route to Byzantium"—over one of the gates of Kherson, she at length exasperated the still ferocious Ottomans beyond the bounds of patience—and war was again declared by the Porte. The campaigns of Potemkin and Suwarow—the capture of Oczakoff—and the storm of Ismail, followed. The results we have already named.

What we are now, however, desirous of noticing, is not so much the protracted struggle between Turkish desperation and Russian strength, as the political persuasions which the development of these facts contributed to generate in Europe. We drew attention, at an early stage of our remarks, to the influence originally sought for, though with great submissiveness and timidity, by the emissaries of France at the court of the sultan. There was, we may here observe, a singular convenience in the alliance to which the Porte had been thus incidentally led. The King of France was far enough removed to be beyond the risk of collision; the traditional connection of his cabinet with the affairs of Poland, and its peculiar authority with the Order of St. John, gave him frequent opportunities of serviceable mediation, while his position, as the first hereditary monarch of the Christian world, was such as to gratify the inor-

dinate pride of the Ottoman sultans. In respect of arrogance, however, the French monarchs were nearly a match for their oriental allies. They exacted from the Porte the title of "Padischah," or Emperor; and, in the conduct of such of their ambassadors as Marcheville and Ferriol, it is difficult to trace much superiority over the uncivilized envoys of the Porte. But as the preponderance of the Ottoman power gradually decreased, this indefinite influence of France assumed a more positive form and scope, and at length, in the wars of Louis le Grand, it was visibly established. So ambitious a monarch could not overlook a power of which so much use was to be made in a variety of ways. The Most Christian King had been forced indeed, for very decency, to despatch certain succors to the emperor at the moment when the infidel was actually menacing Vienna; but his agents were all the while busy at Constantinople; and in the delay of the pacification with which at length the war and the century were terminated, the interested action of a western power was, for the first time, notoriously traceable. After this period, the necessities or liabilities of the Ottoman state, in this respect, became matter of common recognition; and so regularly during the next hundred years did all the great powers of Europe, according to their successive ascendancies or opportunities, claim a right of interference and mediation in the negotiations and treaties of the Porte, that the conduct of Catharine II., in disallowing such intervention between her and her enemy, was conceived to indicate an extraordinary degree of presumption. These intercessions, however, had not yet been dictated or determined by any general alarm at the aggrandizement of Russia; they originated in the prospect of advantage which each state discerned in communicating the impress of its own interests to the engagements of a nation dissociated by creed, position, and character, from the ordinary politics of Christendom. Even after Turkey ceased to be an aggressive power, it still retained the capacity of effecting, on emergencies, most serious diversions—and of granting commercial privileges of no trifling value. It became in fact a state, which, though not secluded from the rights of political community, was yet so practically withdrawn from the sphere of ordinary combinations, as to appear like a ready-made instrument for all collateral purposes. Its disdainful chivalry and its passionate caprices were well known; nor was there any cabinet of importance which did not appreciate the possible services they might confer. At the Pruth, the mediating powers were England and Poland; at Belgrade, the mission devolved upon France. Prussia was characteristically introduced to the Divan by the admiration of the Ottoman for the personal qualities of the Great Frederic. The state of things disclosed by Romanzoff's campaigns, transformed even Austria into an intercessor on behalf of the Turks; and in 1792 the cabinets of London and

Berlin found themselves zealously coöperating for the same end. Other scenes, however, were now at hand.

The position of Turkey, at the opening of those eventful days which changed the face of Europe by and through the French revolution, was briefly this:—She had escaped the imminency of peril. The last wars had conclusively established both the gigantic strength of Russia and the uses to which it would probably be applied. Catharine did not condescend to disguise her ambition or her hopes. She openly discussed the project of restoring a Greek empire at Constantinople for the benefit of her successors; and revived the auspicious name of Constantine in a prince of her royal house. Nor, although the fate of Poland had alarmed the statesmen of Europe, was it by any means certain that any peremptory arbitration could at this time have been interposed between Russia and her prey. In 1791, Pitt had found himself totally unsupported in his proposition to equip a squadron of observation for the Dardanelles; the functions of France, the old and, nominally at least, the natural ally of the Porte, were entirely suspended; and the complicity and spoils of Polish dismemberment furnished the northern courts with irresistible arguments and temptations. Already, in fact, had the *partition* of Turkey been deliberately canvassed, as a preferable alternative to its absorption; and although subsequent events showed that the Ottomans were by no means so defenceless as they were presumed to be, yet it may be doubted whether they would not have been thrown wholly for support at this time on their own fanatical courage. Even ten years earlier, France, acting always as the confidential friend of Turkey, had intimated to the Divan, that in any future war it would probably be vain to look to Europe for diversion or aid; and the inclinations of Austria to participate rather in the plunder than in the prevention of the deed were sufficiently known. From these hazards, however, the Porte was now relieved. The governments of Europe were fain to pause in their traditional careers; and the same circumstances which had exempted the Ottoman Empire from any share in the great wars of the century just expiring, secured it also in a similar immunity from the revolutionary tempests by which a new order of things was ushered in. At length, after six years' neutrality, the passions of the Porte were violently roused by the ambition of the Directory. The ancient interests of France in these regions of the world were characteristically symbolized in her revolutionary counsels, by a descent upon Egypt! The results of this famous expedition were, in many points of view, remarkable; and in none more than those immediately connected with the subject under review. Unable to comprehend either the revolution or its consequences, the Porte could at least discern that its oldest ally was deliberately proposing to rob it of its fairest province. It accordingly declared war against France; and, as a natural sequel of such a determination, drew more and more closely to Great Britain, which,

always favorably disposed towards Turkey, had now become its most obvious councillor and friend. Into the particulars of the engagements which followed we need not enter. It will be enough to observe, that by this measure the French government rudely snapped asunder an alliance of two centuries and a half; that the protectorate, thus lost, passed virtually to England; and that the ultimate effects of the enterprise threatened little less than the transfer to this country of the credit, influence, and privileges, which France, for so long a period, had enjoyed in the dominions of the Porte.

The new impulse, however, thus communicated to the policy of the Divan was by no means undisturbed. The vicissitudes of the great war soon furnished so adroit a negotiator as Napoleon with opportunities of reviving or remodelling the alliances of the old monarchy; and so well were his intrigues seconded by the impolicy of our own proceedings that, in 1807, the Dardanelles were forced by an English fleet while the defence of Constantinople was directed by a minister of France. The publication of the secret compact between Alexander and Napoleon at Tilsit, once more, and more conclusively, estranged the Porte from its French connections; and at length, by a concerted pacification between Turkey and Russia in 1812, the forces of the latter power were opportunely disengaged to assist towards the issue of the Moscow campaign. We touch but cursorily on these events, since, however momentous in themselves, they but indirectly affect the question before us. What is chiefly to be remarked is, that Turkey, during this period, was received with more universal consent, and on a more legitimate footing than before, into the community of European states, and that the part assigned to her in their general federative policy partook more of a regular character. On the other hand, although certain obligations were in this way contracted towards the Porte by the European states, yet its fated antagonist was more than proportionately strengthened by the operation of the same causes. So conspicuous and substantial had been the services of Russia in the struggle of Europe against Napoleon, and so entirely was the continental policy of the court of St. Petersburg now identified with that of the other great powers, that the attitude of the Czar became far more formidable than before; and results, which we need scarcely recapitulate, proved what substantial grounds there were for the growing apprehensions of the Divan.

What is called, indeed, "the Eastern Question," may be said to have been fully constituted at the close of the war. The opinion still survived, and, in fact, since the days of Catharine II., seemed gradually to have been confirmed, that the national existence of Turkey had reached its appointed term, and could only be protracted by the artificial suspense which the jealousies of Europe might combine to create. An element too of singular importance in the question now made itself visible. An interest was claimed,

whether sincerely or otherwise, yet with great plausibility, by the Christian powers of Europe in the Christian subjects of the Porte; and as these were mostly members of the Greek church, the sympathies and pretensions of Russia naturally assumed a peculiar prominence. The liberation of Greece, and the incidents, whether of argument or violence, attending its accomplishment, furnish a sufficient exemplification of the views and considerations which were thus introduced upon the political stage, and which, it is evident, have ever since been steadily increasing in significance and weight. Still, a strong counterpoise remained in the conviction, felt by all European cabinets but one, that the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire, in its substantial integrity, was necessary to the prospective peace of Europe; and although this sentiment might, in some quarters, be reducible into a simple objection to a monopoly of the spoil, yet the difficulties of a partition were so great that, eventually, all parties coincided in a resolution to stave off the crisis, and postpone a question which they were unable to solve—with any satisfaction to themselves.

Such, then, is the position of the Ottoman Empire. Prostrate, to all appearance, at the feet of its vigilant and redoubtable foe, it is maintained, in a precarious security, by the jealousies rather than the sympathies of surrounding nations; for although, on more than one occasion, it has exhibited an unlooked-for vitality in the hour of peril, yet the experience of recent years forbids all further reliance on such resources. The Danube and the Balkan are no longer barriers. Adrianople has been already once reached; and between that city to Constantinople there intervenes but a step.

Historians have frequently indulged in speculations upon the causes of this decline. But the question lies, we think, within narrow limits. It is less the decay of one of the antagonists, than the growth of the other, which has so disturbed the balance between them. The armies which were overthrown by the Bajazets and the Amuraths bore no comparison to those encountered by Mahmood; nor is it probable that the Great Solymán, in the height of his power, could have ever made head against such a force as that now wielded by the reigning Czar. Turkey, in short, has been stationary, while other nations have advanced. This is one of the consequences due mainly to the character of the national religion; though it would be incorrect to attribute to this most important influence results exclusively prejudicial. It is true that fanaticism has produced social insecurity as well as political stagnation, and that the false prophets of Ottoman history have been more numerous and successful than the pretenders or usurpers of any other history whatever. But, on the other hand, the sanctity which the theocratic principle communicated to the reigning house has proved its inviolable safeguard in the crisis of revolution; and the reversion of the holy Kalifate, which Selim I. secured from the

last phantom representative of the Abbasides, conveyed no insignificant authority to the Commander of the Faithful. In virtue of this title, the supremacy of the Sublime Porte was recognized by all the orthodox Musselman world; so that an appeal, based upon the obligations involved in it, was actually, in 1799, transmitted to Constantinople from Seringapatam.

It is a remarkable feature in the history of the Ottoman and Russian empires, that the destinies of both should be matter of long-descended tradition and common acceptance in the minds of the people. Though the establishment of the Turks in Europe is now of such respectable antiquity that its fourth, and perhaps fated centenary draws nigh, and though their rights of dominion have acquired a title beyond that of mere prescription, yet the nation itself, as has been observed by an historian not often distinguished by such felicitous brevity of expression, is still only "*encamped*" on its conquests. They have never comported themselves, either politically or socially, as if they anticipated in Europe any continuing home. Ottoman legends relate how a belief arose, even in the very hour of conquest, that the banner of the Cross would again be some day carried to the brink of the Straits; and it is said that this misgiving is traceable in the selection of the Asiatic shore for the final resting-place of true believers. It is certain, too, that from the first definite apparition of the Russian Empire, they instinctively recognized the antagonists of Fate. Europe had hardly learned the titles of the Czar when the gaze of the Porte was uneasily directed to the new metropolis on the Neva; throughout the whole century, notwithstanding its chequered incidents, the impression was never weakened; and to this day the inhabitants of Constantinople point out the particular gate by which the Muscovite troops are to enter the City of Promise. Nor are the traditions less vivid on the other side. Although the visible ambition of the Imperial Court may have been generated by the creations of Peter and the conquests of Catharine, yet the impressions popularly current flow from an earlier and a less corrupted source. The ancient relations of Russia with the capital of the Cæsars, the early hostilities, the subsequent alliances, and the presumed inheritance of Ivan, are all matter of national legend; and combine, with the appeal to religion and the incitements of pride, to make the recovery of Constantinople from the Ottoman appear an obligatory as well as a predestined work. The spirit in which the Russian legions would march to the Bosphorus would, probably, differ little from that in which Grenada was invested by the levies of Castile.

Yet, with all these palliatives of conquest, and all this semblance of warrant, it is unquestionable that the sentiments which the occupation of Constantinople by Russia might awaken in the cabinets of Europe would be seconded by the opinion of every people between the Vistula and the Atlantic. Though the Turks, even in the fourth

century of their European existence, still sit like barbarous conquerors on the lands they won, though they retain in servitude and degradation millions of Christian subjects, though they perpetuate the hopeless desolation of vast provinces, and though these provinces are the very fairest regions of the known world, and the most famous scenes of ancient story;—yet, for all this, in the event of an invasion, they would command the sympathy and favor of thousands to whom the “balance of power” would be a strange and unintelligible proposition. For the conclusions of statesmen there would no doubt be sufficient warrant in the obvious danger to public peace and freedom from the aggrandizement, by such vast acquisitions, of a power already so menacing and aggressive as Russia; but their main source, we think, must be sought in that popular instinct which naturally inclines to the weaker side—and with a stronger and more decided bias as the violence attempted to be exercised is more gratuitous—and cruel. The considerations which now tend to the disparagement of the Turks are feeble and inoperative, compared with those which are acting in their favor. They are semi-barbarians, and they are misbelievers; they have not improved, by the policy or enlightenment of their rule, the title which they originally derived from conquest. But they are as they were made. They retain their native impress of character, and they have repeatedly shamed states of more lofty pretensions, by their magnanimity, their generosity, their unswerving adherence to their plighted faith and presumptive duties, and by that disdainful grandeur of soul which refuses to avail itself of another's error, and renders to misfortune a homage which had never been extorted from them by power. Very recent events have shown that the communication of European forms to Ottoman institutions, however it may have affected the vigor and elasticity of the national strength, has, at least, not impaired the national virtues; nor has there, probably, been any period since the war, at which the encroachments of an overgrown power upon its defenceless neighbor would excite more general indignation or induce more serious results. These are things within the daily observation of all; what we have previously deduced from the less obvious facts of history may elucidate, we hope, the character of the long-pending crisis, and facilitate the comprehension of the great problem which will be one day solved.

DR. BETHUNE ON HOLLAND.

THE fame of this distinguished orator and divine attracted an immense audience at the lecture before the Mercantile Library Association last evening. The subject selected by Dr. Bethune was “Holland and the Hollanders.” The lecture commenced with some general remarks respecting the errors

and prejudices of historians, their injustice towards foreign nations, and their almost universal neglect of the common daily affairs of peaceful citizens. The staid, sober, quiet, trading, common-sense Dutchman had never received justice from the hands of those, who had presumed to write respecting his country, its laws, institutions, literature and history. The great mass of readers were indebted for what little knowledge they have of these people, to those who had viewed them through the distorted medium of English or French prejudice, and national rivalry.

The lecturer gave an interesting sketch of the early history of the Hollanders, their national characteristics, their early devotion to popular rights, their attachment to religious toleration, their homely virtues, peaceful habits, and commercial enterprise. By reference to their laws, it was shown that most which is valuable in English freedom, those sacred rights of man, for which Vane, Hampden, Eliot, Pym, Russel, and Milton contended, those

Glorious dreams of Harrington,
And Sidney's good old cause,

were proclaimed, and incorporated into the Dutch laws, years anterior to their triumph in England.

The mercantile character and enterprise of the Dutch people were traced by Dr. Bethune in a masterly manner. In the treatment of this most interesting portion of his subject, the speaker evinced the most profound insight in the field of practical statesmanship, and the highest and broadest range of philosophical Christian ethics. It was refreshing to listen to his elevated exposition of the national effects resulting from peaceful commercial enterprise, universal religious toleration, and the absence of a spirit of conquest and aggrandizement. A rapid but graphic survey of the progress of the Hollanders in the departments of learning, manufactures, the arts and sciences, the various branches of trade and banking, was given in a manner both interesting and instructive.

But it was when the lecturer treated of the religious history of the Hollanders, through the period of the Roman supremacy, and the stormy times of the Protestant reformation, that he touched upon a theme which enlisted his sympathies, and met with a warm response from his hearers. The speaker seemed to have caught the broad and tolerant spirit of the people of whom he spoke, and to have become inspired with their lofty Christian virtues and moral heroism. The English Puritans, who sought shelter in Holland from the persecutions of their own countrymen, were justly censured for their impertinence and bigotry towards their kind-hearted hosts. It is very rare, in New England, to hear the Puritans spoken of in terms of even and exact justice. Excessive adulation, or gross caricature, seem to be the only terms employed in depicting these men. It requires a bold man to speak the truth upon this subject; and we honor the speaker who has the courage to do it.

Towards the close of the lecture, specimens of Dutch poetry were recited in a very effective manner. The rare oratorical gifts of Dr. Bethune were displayed to the evident delight of his crowded audience. His full, clear voice, rich modulation, and distinct pronunciation, are admirably calculated for a large popular audience.—*Transcript.*

From the Examiner, 29 Dec.

"SELF-GOVERNMENT."

SELF-GOVERNMENT for colonies is one of the most important and perplexing questions of the day. In principle nothing can be better; nothing more liberal, or more to be desired. But strongly as we have advocated the principle, it must be applied carefully, and with prudent regard to the circumstances of each special case. Where different parties and classes in any country are pretty equally divided, self-government without a controlling power might mean neither more nor less than civil war. Look at France in 1848; that was a specimen of such self-government. Look at Hayti at present for another specimen of such self-government.

But these parties may not be equally balanced. There may be a very large proportion of the poor, the ignorant, the uncultivated, smarting with wrongs, and unenlightened by wisdom or religion. Beside them may be a very small number of the more intelligent and educated—a wealthier, proprietorial class. In such cases the latter has ordinarily been accustomed to dominate, by means of the support of the mother-country; whilst the mother-country has checked abuse of power and exaggeration of tyranny. Ireland and Jamaica are both instances in point; both are more or less what we describe; in both the dominant class is that of the minority, yet not without control. Pass a decree establishing absolute self-government. Give the uncontrollable power which numbers wield to the Irish peasant or the emancipated negro. That is to say—establish self-government, and what would be the necessary consequence?

Guiana is ruled by a very singular constitution; by a Court of Policy consisting of few individuals. The power of the mother-country alone upholds such a constitution. The planters, however, and their friends, clamor for self-government, that is, for *themselves* to govern in the interest of their class. This would be unmitigated oppression, for they would reenslave the negroes. On the other hand, destroy the constitution, and grant universal suffrage, and the negroes would soon drive the *buckras* into the ocean. Both of these cases answer to the idea of uncontrolled self-government. Which do you prefer?

Of self-government in the Canadas we have lately spoken. It is at present in the course of trial, and certain of the Canadians seek to escape from it. They wish to be annexed to the United States. Would that bring them more freedom, or a veritable self-government? Just the contrary, as we before attempted to show. The victorious creeds and parties would by annexation to the states be subject to stronger coercion. The Orangism and the Gallicism of the Canadians would be overwhelmed in an instant by the stronger current of Yankeeism. Hardly an indulgence for which they now struggle as Englishmen would be vouchsafed them as Americans.

What does self-government mean applied to Hindostan? The very notion is chaotic. As a remedy even for the crown colony of Ceylon, what does self-government mean? What would it mean at the Cape, where the Dutch and the Hottentots far outnumber the Englishmen? Or at the Mauritius, where we are but a few officials amidst a population of Frenchmen.

In Australia and its group, on the other hand, self-government really does mean something. Here it is feasible, expedient, inevitable. There is no native race in its way; no slaves, no planters, no Orange or ascendancy men; no family compact, no Dutch, no French—nothing but a multitude of industrious and enterprising Englishmen, and a few officials who pretend to master and direct them, but who are as inadequate to the task as England was to reconquer North America in the last century without an army.

In short—and this is the point we seek to arrive at—in order to talk with precision and justice of the colonies, our reformers and agitators ought to divide them into classes, and harangue separately upon each class. This is Mr. Roebuck's plan, and the only just one. It is quite absurd to predicate the same thing, and recommend the same remedies, for Canada as for Jamaica, for Guiana as for New Zealand. Before we inconsiderately counsel uncontrolled self-government for all, it would be well to ask if self-government would have emancipated the negro, would have voted freedom and reciprocity of trade, or would have given the French on the St. Lawrence, or the Boers at the Cape, their necessary and just rights.

In certain epochs of nations it is not the popular but the kingly power that is the reforming impulse. By destroying superior power too soon, a dominant proprietary is only confirmed in the prejudice and the tyranny of injustice, which it loves and practises with the complete impunity and irresponsibility of what is called, but mis-called, "self-government."

From the Examiner.

AMERICA.

WE are not disposed to think the hubbub raised by the American newspapers against British interference in Honduras worth more than the so many columns of type it fills. The affair of the island of Tigré is a mere offshoot of the already existing Nicaraguan dispute. In the heat of rivalry for the privilege of precedence in the construction of the proposed canal to the Pacific, (which surely admits of that easy and honorable compromise of no exclusive privilege to either country, thrown out not many weeks ago by Mr. Abbot Lawrence, the new minister from Washington,) Mr. Squiers and Mr. Chatfield, who respectively represent the interests of the United States and Great Britain at the Central American republics, have found it easy and not unpleasant to fall by the ears on a new form of what is really the same dispute. But there is no substantial interest of either country

engaged, and it can hardly be doubted that the propriety of at once disavowing the intemperate proceedings taken on both sides will be frankly acted upon by both governments.

The reader would be amused if we laid before him some specimens of patriotic fervor in behalf of Mr. Squiers indulged in by his literary fellow-citizens. The contrast of these demonstrations with the ordinary tone of public morality prevalent in the same quarters is very curious. In the balance of such judgments nothing weighs against the possible acquisition of an additional square-mile of territory. The most necessary safeguards of civilization kick the beam.

One of Washington's celebrated associates in the war of independence dwelt often on the instability of the laws as what he feared would prove the greatest blemish in the character and genius of the government he was helping to establish. Seventy years' experience has shown that the fear was well-founded. We hear nothing, at the present day, so commonly or unblushingly repeated throughout the Union, as that the laws are a dead letter when public feeling is against them. Nor is even this plea of public feeling at all times necessary to weaken or impair their efficiency. Private interests will serve very well upon occasion. In a melancholy case which occurred a few years back, when the son of a distinguished American statesman was hanged without trial at the yard-arm of an American frigate for a meditated act of mutiny, Captain Slidell Mackenzie justified the deed in a remarkable narrative afterwards published with his name, in the course of which he stated that it would not have been in nature for the culprit's father not to interpose to save him, and "that for those who had money and friends in America there was no punishment for the worst of crimes."

An article in one of the newspapers brought by the last packet has recalled this incident to our recollection. Have our readers forgotten the riots which drove Mr. Macready from America, and gratified the spleen of a bad American actor at the cost of between twenty and thirty lives? Those disgraceful scenes are now seven months old, and though indictments were preferred and found at the time against the principal rioters, only one man has been punished, and that slightly. The most guilty still walk about unpunished, and do not scruple to assert that the authorities *dare not* bring them to trial. This state of things has suggested a course of remark to the *New York Sun* and the *New York Mirror*, which we think extremely creditable to both journals, and a remarkable exception to the tone generally taken in such matters by our transatlantic contemporaries. We quote from the last-named journal of the 8th December:

"There is a laxity in the administration of criminal justice, and of every other kind of justice, in the courts of this city, that is derogatory to the welfare of society, and disgraceful to the name of justice. We are not prepared to say whether the

fault is in our laws, in the organization of our courts, or with those who plead law in the courts, and render judgment from the bench. It is enough that the evil exists, and that its removal is demanded by every member of the community who values justice or his own safety and the well-being of society. It is nearly seven months since a number of persons were indicted for participating in the Astor-place riots—an offence against the law, order, and character of the entire city; yet, with one or two exceptions, those persons have not been brought to trial, nor does it seem likely that they will be for months to come, if at all."

The truth of the above remarks, which we find in the *Sun*, no one will, we think, be disposed to deny. We did hope, from the good beginning made by Judge Daly, that the evil so justly complained of was in the course of removal; but it appears that, in that instance, Justice assumed a position she could not, or dared not, maintain; and that reckless lawlessness is only to be panished in the persons of those whose positions in life, or as political partisans, cannot purchase for them immunity for their crimes.

We do not charge that Judge Daly ingloriously shirked the responsibility of trying the rest of the Astor-place rioters; but we do say that the excuse offered in his name, (a press of business in his own court,) for failing to perform what the community expected from him, was a trivial and unsatisfactory one. There are three judges to perform the business of the Court of Common Pleas, and rarely, or never, we believe, are they all engaged, either in court or chambers, at the same time. And why is it, if, as Judge Daly's conduct would indicate, they are so very scrupulous about neglecting the business of this court, that they do not meet before ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, or sit after two or three o'clock in the afternoon? or that one week out of four the court is closed altogether? or that a vacation of several weeks can be taken, when the atmosphere renders the performance of their duty oppressive? Surely, if suitors can be so easily put off when it suits the convenience of the judges or counsel, they might have been, with more reason and propriety, told to wait when the public interest, and the public safety perhaps, demanded the sacrifice.

But we quarrel not with Judge Daly in particular, for we consider every one highly censurable who has been directly or indirectly instrumental in delaying the trials of those rioters and incendiaries, the consequences of whose guilt were so serious and so much to be deplored; and Judge Edmonds' conduct in again procrastinating them, we think, calls for severe reprehension. There was a degree of petulance, too, in his remarks, in announcing the fact that no criminal business would be taken up before the January term, altogether unworthy a judicial officer. Seven months have elapsed since the indictments against these rioters were found, and the most guilty of them yet go unpunished, and impudently boast, we understand, that the authorities dare not bring them to trial; and, from present indications, such would really appear to be the case: indeed, we have very serious doubts if it be intended to try any more of them. From month to month some excuse will be found for delay, until the event will be almost forgotten, and then *nolle prosequi* will be quietly entered, which may or may not come to the knowledge of the reporters, and the public know nothing of the matter.

It is about time that it was known where the

fault lies. It is certainly not in our laws—they are sufficient for all purposes; no, it is in the administration of them that the evil exists—in that want of impartiality, moral courage, independence, and integrity, that should ever characterize ministers of justice. This is a serious matter; one, too, in which the public are deeply interested; and when such gross neglect of their interests is exhibited as in the case of the Astor-place rioters, it behoves them to adopt unmistakable measures to mark the conduct of such unworthy servants with severe and indignant condemnation. Men who can thus violate the oaths they took when assuming office are totally unworthy to hold it.

What most surprises us in all this is the surprise expressed by the American journalists. We confess that we look upon the existing condition of the affair as the unavoidable sequel to its commencement. These things move in a circle, which in the instance before us is not yet complete. Let us wait. A more abominable outrage, at a much greater sacrifice of life, will in due course more broadly exhibit the results of impunity to crime. The riots began in that way, and will end in that way. The deplorable deaths of more than twenty persons were originally and solely attributable to a tardy vindication of the law. If the first riot had been firmly repressed, there would have been no second riot to call for a bloody repression.

The more intelligent classes in America would do well to consider the inevitable consequence of thus disabling and disarming the civil power. What has occurred upon a small scale in these Astor-place riots will some day find itself a wider theatre, and more intolerable indulgence. The only security for freedom is the strength and certainty of the laws.

The South African Commercial Advertiser of the 3d November contains the following interesting information—

Among the opening prospects of Africa, if Lord Grey's blight can be arrested, the grandest geographical discovery of modern times has just been announced—that, namely, of the great inland lake, so long supposed to exist, to the north of the Cape. The following extract of a letter from the Reverend Mr. Moffat to Mr. Rutherford, announcing this discovery, has been kindly given for general information. "I embrace the few minutes which remain before sending a packet to Colesberg to inform you of Friend Oswell and companions. I shall give you the substance of a short letter received from the lake, dated the 2d August. It only came last night, and has afforded us real pleasure, as it will doubtless do to yourself. Mr. L. calls the lake Noka ca Nama, or Ngama. We reached this a day or two ago, after a journey of about 556 miles from Kolobeng, and feel thankful that our path has been one of safety and pleasure. We are now at the Batawana town, and yesterday rode down about six miles to look on the broad blue waters of the lake. We cannot tell how broad it may be, for we could not see a horizon, except one of water, on the south and west. Traversed through much desert country, and were looking for the lake for two hundred miles before we came to it. We traversed about two hundred miles along the banks of a large

river which runs S.S.E.; a beautiful stream, in some parts very like the Clyde, but frequently broader. The water was rising, and seems to come from the north, from melted snows, it is so clear and soft. Two large rivers run into the lake, both from the north. The Batawana are a numerous tribe; the chief a youth. Many Makoba or Bayeiye fish and float on the river; darker in complexion than Beekuenas, and speak a language which has a slight klick. Canoes hollowed out of one tree, very fine scenery on the banks of the river, splendid trees, mostly new to me, one the fruit like a small yellow pumpkin, about three inches in diameter. Mr. Oswell and I go on horseback to-morrow. The wagons go on with Mr. Murray. We follow on the track when we have seen Sebetoane's tribe. The Bayeiye are very numerous, but villages all small. Last observation of sun gave about 19 deg. 7 min. We are N.N.W. of Kolobeng; but we expect when at Sebetoane's to be considerably further north. I may add to the above, by way of explanation, that the Batawana tribe are Bechuanas, and originally of the Bamanuato, which lie eight days' journey north of the Bakuena, among whom Mr. Livingstone has his station (Kolobeng.) The tribe of Sebetoane (the chief's name) are also Bechuanas; the Makoba (which means slaves) are a different race. They possess no cattle, but live on fish. Bayeiye seems to mean eaters. Mr. L. says that he expected they would reach Kolobeng in two months. I am sending direct to Colesberg in order to forward a letter from Mr. Murray to Mrs. Murray, care of Messrs. Dixon and Co., as he expects Mrs. M. to be out at the Cape in November or December. The party were very friendly received at the lake. Mr. L. says the canoes are poor things—very numerous: they go pretty quickly in them, and cook and sleep too in them (the Makoba.) They had it very cold all the way. Country neighborhood of the lake beautiful and fertile. All peace in that part of the world."

STATISTICS OF LONDON MORTALITY.—The average mortality of England at the present time may be stated at 350,000, and that of London 47,000 per annum. As the population of England and Wales is nearly sixteen millions, and that of London 1,900,000, this gives an annual average mortality of one out of every forty inhabitants for the metropolis, and one out of every 45 for the whole country. This is an astonishing decline in the rate of mortality, compared with the experience of former ages; and it presents, at the same time, a most favorable picture of the value of life in this as compared with other countries. The annual mortality in England, in the year 1700, was about one in twenty-five. About the middle of the last century, from causes not well understood, it increased to one in twenty. From that time to this it has slowly but steadily declined. In 1801, it was 1 in 35; in 1811, 1 in 38; and now it is 1 in 45; so that, in the space of about eighty years, the chances of existence have been exactly doubled in London, a progress and final result which may fairly be considered as without a parallel in the history of any other age or country.

In Paris, about the middle of the last century, the mortality was 1 in 25; at present it is about 1 in 32; in Rome the annual deaths are as one in 25; at Amsterdam, as 1 in 24; at Vienna, as 1 in 22. The inhabitant of London, therefore, has twice as good a chance of living as the burgher of Vienna.—*George Gregory, M.D., &c.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE BRIGHT ROOM OF CRANMORE.

"A MIXTURE of a lie doth ever add pleasure," saith Bacon. Once at least in thy lifetime, imaginative reader, thou wouldst have granted the truth of the aphorism hadst thou spent the closing hours of a summer's day in rambling through the manor-house and vast old pleasure-grounds of Cranmore, under the bewitching influence of the Scheherazade, from whose lips the following traditional tale was gathered.

No one need apologize for telling a ghost story—no one can be so sure of a good reception (in theory) as a probable ghost. Amid the number of modern conveniences, comforts, and luxuries, it is truly amazing that no speculative man has set up as purveyor of ghosts and goblins for the advantage of those proprietors (*nouveaux riches*, for example) who, having purchased an ancient and noble-named house, find themselves unprovided in the way of a dignified family spectre, to whom they could safely entrust the terrifying of the country neighbors by any of the different modes adopted by ghostly personages for the perfecting of that end.

Cranmore has all the requisites for the scene of a strange old legend and tradition. "She of the seraph tongue" has richly embellished and enhanced its picturesque interest by weaving around real family records a web of romantic fiction, and thus making of truth and falsehood that "mixture of a lie" which thou hast been assured, reader, doth give pleasure.

It was about six o'clock in the afternoon of one twenty-seventh of July that I sat down with my companion beneath the ample shade of the two lime-trees that stand a few hundred yards from the front entrance of the manor-house. The sunset lights were stealing lovingly round the gray walls, and peering into the latticed and ivied windows that face the west. By degrees each diamond-shaped pane glittered like gold, and at last the illumination was complete, and the pale, deserted dwelling seemed of a sudden to have assumed an air of festal life.

"What a pity that we cannot get in!" I said, for the thirty-first time since my eyes had rested on the interesting face of the old house. "I should like to hear more of its history. There must be a legend, a story, a prophecy, a something connected with it, surely."

"Look up," said my companion, drawing me a few paces to the left of the lime-trees. "Do you see that window beneath the turret now in shadow? Well, that is the Bright Room of Cranmore! A bright room lit by no earthly candle. Every night a supernatural radiance gleams on the oak-panelled walls. By the last proprietor everything was done to find out the trick, (everything must be supposed trick now-a-days,) but night after night the ghostly gleam returns, and——"

"Who is the proprietor?" I said.

"You shall hear! My mother knew this place well in youth. She knew the heroine of the story that I mean to tell you; but get up, walk with me round the quaint old gardens. Look at the long, sharp lights that dart through the grand, wide shadows. Look down the dim, tangled walk, overarched with evergreens flourishing in the untrimmed glory of neglect. See beyond there, over to the pleasant meadows—further to the wide old woods and ferny dells of Baronsward—and let your eye wander round till it reaches the sudden silver gleam of the many-winding river. Follow the bright lacing of the water through the low, rich fields, till it is spanned by a three-arched bridge, and then look along the white road that leads to the village with a gilt-tipped spire shining in the sun; and let your eye and fancy wander onwards to the wide-roofed, tree-shrouded dwelling, that has stood there for three hundred and twenty years. That is Hallwood—the place belongs to the Herberts. But it is of the manor here that we must now speak."

Cranmore belongs to the H—— family. About five-and-thirty years ago Lord H. lent it to a widowed relation, who, having been left almost penniless with six children, was very glad to sit down at Cranmore rent free. The place had been once a stately old dwelling of the family to whom it still belongs; but when Mrs. D. took possession thereof it was almost devoid of furniture, though the walls and windows were in sound repair. Lord H. had kindly and considerably replaced a good many missing things, and early in the autumn of the year 1804 Mrs. D. took possession of her new home. She was a woman of strong nerve—no imagination, and blessed with plenty of cheerfulness and vigor. Her establishment consisted of a nurse, a cook, and a girl of eighteen, who acted the part of housemaid; this last-named servant had only been hired about six weeks before Mrs. D.'s arrival at Cranmore. From her last place she had brought a good character for sobriety, honesty, and veracity, and there was no reason to suppose from her manner that there was about her any flightiness or excitement of mind; on the contrary, she was a quiet, steady, and industrious servant, and in as large a house as Cranmore it may be supposed that her time was fully occupied by her daily work.

It must be mentioned that Mrs. D., on coming to Cranmore, had fixed on a small suite of rooms fronting the south which she intended to occupy; the other apartments were many of them locked up to prevent the chill draughts, from open doors and windy corridors, sweeping through the great building to the discomfort of the inmates. One or two large state-rooms were, however, left open to serve as playground to the children on wet and wintry days when they might not be able to get out. These rooms were above those inhabited by Mrs. D. and her children. Two stairs led up to them; one with a wide and handsome carved oak balustrade, the other was a winding and narrow

ascent, with nothing but a rope to hold by as you went up or down. This stair led further up, also, to the attics; but few of the family had curiosity sufficient to take them all through the house more than once after their first day at Cranmore.

One afternoon in November, Mrs. D. was sitting at the window working, when her attention was attracted by seeing Margaret, the girl who acted as her housemaid, wandering alone, with her eyes fixed on the upper windows of the house, as if intently watching something within the casements. Mrs. D. was surprised at the length of time she stayed in the walk alone; standing quite still for ten minutes, although the day was very cold, and she had only wrapped a light shawl over her head and shoulders. Mrs. D., knowing that the girl had been suffering from rheumatism, opened the window and called out, "Go in—what are you staring at there so long?" The girl turned away, saying, "Nothing, ma'am; I was afraid that the chimney was on fire." She turned and went in, and Mrs. D. thought no more of the circumstance.

The country round Cranmore is of a lonely and wild character; there are few gentlemen's seats near, and the sequestered manor-house had been inhabited for two months by Mrs. D. before any one had broken in upon her solitude by visits or invitations.

Hallwood is the nearest place of any consequence. It is an Elizabethan house. A pleasant, cheerful family then occupied it; people who were always ready to see their friends, and rejoiced in new neighbors, provided they were tolerably presentable. The Herberts found out the merits, name, and family connection of Mrs. D., and lost no time in calling and proposing that she should spend a day with them about Christmas time, when all the brothers and sisters were at home, and an aunt and uncle came from Sussex to enlarge the circle. Mrs. D. agreed to spend one afternoon there. She was to walk, if the day proved fine, to Hallwood, and the Herberts were to send her back in the carriage before ten o'clock.

The evening passed over, and she left her friends about a quarter of an hour later than she had intended. The road was covered with the snow that had fallen about an hour before, the clouds were still heavy towards the south, and only a star or two shone clearly now and then from behind thick masses of vapor. The house at Cranmore can be seen from a considerable distance; but as you descend the hill half a mile from the entrance you lose sight of it again until you enter the grounds. Mrs. D. had never before approached the manor-house by night, and she leant forward to notice with some surprise how brightly the light shone from one of the upper windows. She tried to remember the relative positions of the rooms, and thought that the brilliant illumination must proceed from the window of her own bedchamber. Meanwhile the carriage swung down the hill, and she lost sight of the building. Soon after she reached her own

door in safety, and on entering her bedroom she was surprised to see that the shutters were closed.

It was about a month after this event that Lord H. received a letter from Mrs. D., stating that for various reasons she wished to give up living at Cranmore, and that she proposed leaving it in the course of a week or two. There was something peculiar in the tone of the letter; so much so, indeed, that Lady H., a person noted for her kind and generous benevolence, determined to inquire more particularly what these reasons were, in case that something might be done by Lord H. to make his tenant more comfortable, and perhaps, even then, persuade her to stay. Her circumstances made her an object of pity; and, moreover, she was connected by marriage with Lady H., although, from various causes, they had scarcely ever met.

As it happened, Lady H. was going to pay a visit to a friend in Devonshire; Cranmore was not very much out of her way, and she determined to go there, visit Mrs. D., and find out if possible what were the reasons of her strange and sudden change of mind with respect to living at Cranmore.

Lady H. was a woman of five-and-forty; of an eager, romantic, excitable temperament. She was the very person to enjoy a sudden scramble over the country in a chaise-and-four when no one expected her, and great appeared to be the consternation when her ladyship arrived. Mrs. D. was not to be seen at first, and Lady H. had been ten minutes in the house before her hostess made her appearance. When she entered the sitting-room Lady H. rose, extended her hand, and at once proclaimed her anxiety to do all that was possible to make Mrs. D. comfortable in the manor-house, if she could be induced to stay.

Mrs. D. expressed her grateful thanks, but stated firmly that her mind was made up—she would not, she could not stay. No more need be said; it was impossible.

"Impossible! Why?" said Lady H., in a tone of great surprise.

"It is impossible that I can stay," repeated Mrs. D.

"You are surely prepared to tell me why," said Lady H., kindly. "Consider what you give up."

"I have considered," replied the other lady; "but it is impossible—quite. I regret it—I regret it very much," she added, with much confusion of manner; "but things have occurred, that—"

"What! no more losses?" said Lady H. "Excuse me, but my wish to benefit you must lead you to pardon my curiosity."

"I cannot explain, because—because, really, your ladyship would laugh at me."

"Laugh, my dear Mrs. D.! how can you suppose such a thing! Pray trust me with what you feel on this subject. I am most anxious to arrange all for your future comfort; at least, tell me what your wishes are."

After a few minutes of silent thought Mrs. D. said—

"I will trust you; I ought and I will. My dear Lady H., at the risk of being thought a madwoman, I will tell you that this house is not fit to live in. It is not what we see here, but the things that are said."

"What! what do you mean?" said Lady H. "Said of it?"

"No, no, in it."

"In it!"

"Yes. I see that you do not comprehend me; I must, therefore, tell you all as clearly as I can."

"Pray do, for I am anxious, indeed."

"Well, then, listen to me; and pray let me first assure you that I am not a nervous, foolish, or excitable person, generally speaking. Allow me first to offer you some refreshment."

She rose as if to ring the bell; Lady H. laid her hand on her arm and cried—

"O, no, no! do not lose a moment, I beg of you. I want nothing; sit down; I can only stay half an hour. It is now three o'clock, I must be at my journey's end by six at latest."

Mrs. D., however, rang the bell, saying—

"I wish to ring on another account."

The bell was replied to by a girl of eighteen or nineteen. Mrs. D. ordered her to put on some wood, and as she proceeded to mend the fire she whispered to Lady H.—

"Look at her particularly."

Lady H. did so. There was nothing to attract particular notice in her appearance. She was apparently in good health, rather stout than otherwise, of middle height and fair complexion. When she had left the room, Mrs. D. said—

"That girl has been in my service for some months; she has been an obliging, honest, sober servant, but she has nearly frightened us all to death."

"How?"

"One evening, about six weeks ago, I was in the room that serves for our nursery. I had been putting one of my little boys to bed, when my eldest girl came in, saying—

"Mamma, did you call for a light?"

"No, my dear," I replied. "I have been in here for a quarter of an hour."

"How very odd!" said the child.

"She stood for a moment or two looking at me, and then went out into the passage where the cook and housemaid were speaking together. I thought that I distinguished the words, 'Don't tell her;' but I made no inquiries, and I thought no more of the circumstance. I hate all mysteries, and tales of all kinds; I never think of inquiring into the truth of what children call strange noises, and such things. If they are the tricks of ill-intentioned people, they had better not be inquired into, and disappointed malice will soon cease to trouble itself when it finds that it attracts no attention."

"I should have persisted in this line of conduct, had not one or two other circumstances

occurred which occasioned me considerable annoyance. One evening, on returning about ten o'clock from Hallwood, I perceived a bright light burning in one of the upper rooms. I concluded that it came from the fire and candles in my own apartment, but on entering the house I found that the shutters were closed; and when I asked my nurse at what hour she had closed them, she said that she had done so at eight o'clock. It was then about half-past ten. I asked if any one had been with a light in the upper rooms. She said no. All the servants were in bed, with the exception of herself, and that she had told them that she would sit up to let me in. I took the light, Lady H., and telling her to follow me, I went up stairs. I confess that I was suspicious then of some trick. I passed the head of the narrow stair. We were walking very gently for fear of disturbing the children. Now, just as I passed the opening from the passage to the turret-stair, I most distinctly heard the words, 'Bring me a light!' It was said in a faint, but clear tone."

Lady H. rose suddenly, and, going to the window, threw it open hurriedly, saying—

"I do not feel well."

She put her head out, and the fresh air seemed to revive her. She returned to her seat in a minute or two, and begged Mrs. D. to proceed. She did so.

"On hearing the words, I turned to my companion, saying in a whisper—

"What's that?"

"The woman muttered—

"God knows!"

"And I saw that she was about to faint. I returned with her into the bed-room. She was so ill, that for ten minutes I could not leave her. I did not wish to alarm any one else. I did not wish any one else to know of it even. I said to her—

"Elizabeth, you are a woman of good sound sense. It is some absurd nonsense; never speak of it either to me or to any of the others. Silence is the best plan."

"When she had recovered herself a little she promised me that she would tell no one, and I believe that she kept her promise. Well, nothing happened for some little time. I resolved not even to examine the rooms particularly. I let everything go on as usual, until one night, about a fortnight ago, when, on passing much later than usual along this passage, (I had been employed in writing to my sister in India,) again I heard the voice—the faint, clear voice—say, 'Bring me a light!'"

Lady H. became dreadfully agitated. She said, in an anxious tone—

"What kind of voice was it?"

"A woman's voice, certainly," replied Mrs. D.

"O, Heaven!"

Lady H. covered her face with her hands, and remained silent. Mrs. D. proceeded:—

"I confess to you, that on hearing the words great fear took hold of me for a few moments. I remained quite still, and, for a short time, I was

uncertain how to act. But soon I rallied; I turned, and proceeded up the stairs."

"What! alone!" said Lady H.

"Yes, quite alone. I am not a nervous person, as I have said before. I went up; I reached the landing-place, and stopped. I listened attentively; I heard nothing but the wind, and at last the thumping of my own heart, I will own. Then I advanced. I went into one room; the one that you may remember has the blue hangings. It was empty—dark. I went out. I then stopped for an instant at the door of the white room. You know, it is the one —"

"I know, I know!" said Lady H. nervously.

"It is, I believe," continued Mrs. D., "the one called the bride's room."

"Yes, yes," said Lady H. "It is called so—has been for many years. Pray go on."

"I stood at the door, and I had laid my hand on the handle. I was in the act of entering, when I heard a sound, the extreme horror and strangeness of which I cannot describe. I opened the door, and, for half a second, the noise continued. There appeared to me to be light besides my own in the room; a flame-colored light flittered for a second on the pale walls of the white room, and then I saw nothing, heard nothing more. Then, Lady H., the idea of a supernatural agency came into my mind for a few minutes. I felt no fear, only curiosity and awe. I remained with my candle in my hand for, I suppose, nearly ten minutes; at the end of that time I left the room, and went down stairs. It is strange that it was only as I drew near to the inhabited part of the building that I began to feel the common effects of fright. The joints of my limbs seemed loosened, and I could hardly reach my own room. So desperate a fear is a solemn thing to experience when you are unaccustomed to the nervous tremors common to many women, sensible and well-educated, too, perhaps. Next day I hardly knew whether to speak of what I had seen or not. I resolved, however, not to do so, and two days and nights passed in peace. On the Thursday after my midnight adventure, I was sitting in the evening alone after the children were in bed, when I heard a heavy fall, preceded by a scream. I left the room, hurried along the passage, and met the nurse, who I found had also heard the noise. She was very pale and said,—

"'It's up stairs—it's Margaret!'

"We went as quickly as we could up the turret-stair, and along the passage; at the door of the white room we found the girl Margaret lying on her face in a faint. Her candle had been extinguished and broken by the violence of her fall: nothing else was to be seen. We raised her up; she could not speak, and we were obliged to call up the other servant before we could manage to carry her to her own room. We laid her on the bed. It was fully an hour before she was able to speak. When I found that she had regained her senses in some degree, I sent the others away, cautioned them to say nothing before the children,

and I sat up the rest of the night alone with the girl. She lay silent for some time. At last I said,

"What frightened you?"

"She then began to cry violently, and did not reply. I let her go on crying: it is a great relief to some temperaments. Then, when she became calm, I repeated my question. She replied,—

"I saw strange things to-night."

"What things did you see?"

"Ah!" was all she said.

"We do not know what things have gone on here in the old times," she added, in a few minutes.

"There is no necessity that we should," I replied.

"She was silent for some time, and then said,—

"We can't tell what there is need for. It may be to make us think of what we cannot see."

"I did not reply, for I had no intention of entering into a metaphysical disquisition with the girl, who was evidently in a very highly-excited state. Finding that she was unwilling to speak, I pressed her no further. I sat up with her till day-light, and then, finding that she was tolerably composed, I went to my own room. I own to you that I felt the whole thing to be an uncomfortable and unaccountable occurrence. After breakfast I sent for the servants. I told them on no account to mention it before any of the children. I told them that I would let them all leave in a month's time, if they wished it; but they replied that they were too much attached to the family to do so on small pretences, and they would rather wait and see what happened. Not a week after that I was sitting in the nursery. Two of my children were asleep in bed in that room. I had sent the nurse to her supper, and I meant to stay in the room until she returned. I was working, and wanted some thread that I had left in my own room. I rose to go, but my youngest boy woke up suddenly, saying—

"Don't go, don't leave us, for fear of the bright lady!"

"The bright lady!" I said.

"I turned to the bed, and, putting my arms round the little fellow, I said—

"Who is the bright lady?"

"He hid his face in my breast, and whispered,—

"Margaret saw her."

"I really felt very angry to find out thus the absurd gossip that was going through the house.

"Nonsense," I said; "I am the only lady in the house, you know."

"No, no, mamma; there is a bright lady, and a bright room, too."

"How did you hear such silly stuff?" I asked him.

"I was lying, they thought asleep, but I was not asleep a bit, and I heard Margaret telling nurse. They were talking, and talking close to the bed-curtains: they did not know I was awake."

"What did they talk about?" I said.

"Oh, about a voice, and a light, and Margaret going up one night when she heard the voice, and her seeing such a bright lady at the glass, and fire on the wall, and something about an old face very wicked, and a strange silver light—a lamp, in her hand; I cannot remember it now, but I know it frightened me very much, indeed, mamma!"

"The fools!" I said to myself, and sat down to my work again.

"I stayed till the servants had done supper, and then I went to my own room. I did not know what to do. I thought of leaving the place, but that appeared so foolish a thing to do. To be frightened away by the tales of idle, gossiping women, was really too provoking. After thinking for some little time, I resolved on making an attempt to discover the truth of the case. I took no light, and going softly up the stair—the turret-stair—I sat down on one of the steps half-way up, and wrapping a warm shawl round me, I determined to watch there for several hours. Now the act of watching in the dark is one which tests the nerves, but I had such an ardent desire to find out and put an end to the whole business, that fear was for some time silent. Soon after I sat down I heard the clock strike ten, and I knew that about that time the servants went to bed. A long black gap of time succeeded, broken at last by the first stroke of eleven. It was when the chime had ceased that I felt my solitude intensely. Still I determined to stay, and for the purpose of doing something or other I began to count the time by seconds, and so my tongue numbered two hundred and twelve; then, suddenly, above me, I heard a faint sound, as of shuffling feet, and I remember at once seizing hold of my right wrist by my left hand that I might feel my own pulse beating: it was like a companion, I fancied. Do not laugh at me. So I sat for a few minutes. Then came a voice, faint, clear—

"Bring me a light!"

"Lady H., I shall never forget the dread, the horror of that instant. I rose, and in desperation meant to make my way up stairs; but my ankles seemed to give way, my eyes became dim, I fell head foremost down the stair. I lay there till the servants, hearing the noise of my fall, came and raised me up, and put me into bed. I said nothing, but I saw from their faces that they suspected the cause of the accident that had befallen me. The nurse sat with me till daylight, and I asked her at last what all these stories meant. I told her what Charlie had said the night before, and I begged her to repeat to me the whole of the description given by Margaret to her and the cook that night. The woman was unwilling to speak on the subject, but I drew from her by degrees the confession that the girl Margaret, being of a curious and daring spirit, had one evening said—'I'll go and give her a light the first time she asks for it;' and that she had stationed herself on the stairs, intending to wait till the words were pronounced. She had asked one of the other

women to come, but she refused to have anything to do with it. She went, and the account she gave was that she rushed quickly up immediately on hearing the words. She went to the door of the blue room and saw nothing, and, stopping to listen, heard a sound proceeding from the white room. She stole softly to the door, and, kneeling down, looked beneath the door, which fits badly, if you remember. She said that she saw a sudden and brilliant light in the room, but nothing else. She rose, and hurried down the stair, and that first time said nothing of her adventure, being afraid that if I knew it I should prevent her repeating the experiment. It was after that night that I saw her one day in the garden attentively examining the windows of the house, the upper windows especially. A few nights after, she had gone about ten o'clock to the stair. She had seated herself on the uppermost step, and had the patience to wait there till within a few minutes of eleven. All was still until that instant, but then she heard the rustling of silk, a very light footstep, and she looked round towards the top of the stair. All was dark, but this time she had taken a dark lantern with her, and she made the light flash out. She saw by that light an old and wrinkled face, with a ghastly pallor, and a patch of paint on each cheek. It looked round the wall, as if to call down the stair; the pale lips moved, and the words were pronounced. Margaret bounded up two steps, and saw the figure swiftly skim and glide along the passage; it seemed to *melt into* the door of the white room—that was the odd phrase of the girl—and she went forward to the door. In an agony of fright she threw it open, and, lo! there she declared she saw—remember, I am only repeating what the servant said—she saw—oh, I can't tell what! a lady—a girl, standing in a white dress—a long, white dress, before a mirror; then she appeared to be in flames. The figure turned its face, and then the girl remembered nothing more but the sound of her own shriek and fall. There we found her, as I told you; and you know the rest. On learning that from the nurse, I resolved on leaving the house. I wrote next day to Lord H., and my letter I think you read."

"Yes, I did," replied Lady H., rising.

She took hold of Mrs. D.'s hand, adding—

"I must go now; I can say nothing more at present, but I promise that you shall hear from me in the course of a day or two. I will see what can be done."

She hurriedly took leave and drove off, having stayed nearly an hour altogether.

In the course of three days Mrs. D. received from her ladyship a packet, sent carefully inclosed in a parcel by coach. It contained a roll of paper closely written, and a note from Lady H. herself. It was as follows:—

My dear Mrs. D.—I cannot resist the strong inclination I feel to send you a manuscript relating to the affair of which we spoke on Tuesday last. You know that Lord H. and I were cousins. Our

grandfather was a man of strange and peculiar habits. From the age of thirty-five he was afflicted with blindness, and, in consequence, he kept a secretary, who wrote for him, read to him, and was for many years his constant companion. This man, a Frenchman by birth, was an intelligent and kind-hearted person. I knew him well when I was a child at Ellingham. Cranmore was never inhabited by my grandfather—within my recollection, at least.

When I was a girl of sixteen I happened to ask Mr. L. what was the reason of my grandfather's dislike to Cranmore. I had then seen the old manor for the first time in my life, and its antique beauty had made a deep impression on me. The old man—he was then about seventy, though full of acuteness and vigor—the old man told me that it was in consequence of some melancholy family catastrophe of which Cranmore had been the scene. At that time he would tell me no more, but shortly before his death he sent me the papers which I enclose to you. Read them and return them to me. I must just add that, on his death-bed, my grandfather exacted a solemn promise from Lord H. and me that we would never on any account sleep at Cranmore. You know how faithfully we have kept that promise, which was the sole cause of my refusing your kind offer of accommodation for the night.

Believe me, dear Mrs. D.,
Yours very truly,

ELLEN H.

There were some explanatory notes in the margin of the MS. in Lady H.'s own hand.

As may be supposed, Mrs. D. lost no time in reading the packet, which was entitled—

Papers relating to the family of H., collected and transcribed by Mr. L. for her ladyship. Dated 1788.

The noble family of H. have been possessed of the lands and manor of Cranmore since the reign of King John—of their other properties I need not speak—it is of Cranmore that I am, I feel, required to say all that I know.

Your ladyship, without doubt, remembers having expressed considerable anxiety to know why the late lord never inhabited the beautiful manor-house of Cranmore. With his reasons I was well acquainted; but I was at that time under a promise not to reveal to your ladyship the rumors and tales current in the country about fifty or sixty years ago.

About that space of time has elapsed since a large party was assembled to celebrate the Christmas at Cranmore's manor. From the late lord's own lips I heard the following account of what occurred there at that time. The family who were present on the occasion consisted of the late lord, then Mr. —, his half-brother, who then had the title, two sisters of the latter, and a young lady to whom he had been married about three months before. She was the daughter of a man of low birth, and no property. It was a marriage that had caused most deep grief and concern to the step-mother of the young lord.

The dowager Lady H. had been one of the most ambitious women of her day—haughty, beautiful, capricious, vain, and cruel where her ambitious wishes were concerned.

The young lord himself, then a man of seven-and-twenty, was handsome, brilliant, excitable, and just the man to throw himself away on the first handsome woman who could contrive to captivate him.

This young person, young Lady H., was, however, worthy of his affection. She has been described to me as a creature of surpassing loveliness, gloriously fair, with eyes full of the dew of the morning, so pure and childlike was her expression. She was a remarkably good dancer, and a beautiful singer; in short, just the one to attract an elegant young man like Lord H.

It had been a matter of some surprise to every one concerned when the elder Lady H. invited the young lord and his bride to Cranmore. ["The manor was the jointure-house of the H. family." These words were written as a note on the margin by Lady H. herself.]

There were a good many guests, and several of the family connections—all having assembled on the 23d of December, in order to spend the Christmas and new-year together, as was and is still so much the mode in England.

The late lord has frequently told me that he and the ladies of the family were all prepared to dislike and disapprove of the young bride before her arrival; but that she had not spent one evening in their society before all were charmed into love and favor, so sweet and enchanting a creature was she. The late lord told me that the first night of her arrival, after supper, which was then at nine, they played at some Christmas games, and her playful grace was a thing that pursued him in his dreams; so much so, that next morning he said to the dowager lady—"We have been wrong in our judgment. I think Edward has done well." She smiled only in reply. Things went on very smoothly, till the day before the new year. There was to be a dance in the hall on new-year's-eve, and a masking, and dressing up. While all were deciding on their different disguises, the young lord turned to his step-mother saying—"You must let us have the point lace and diamonds." He had never asked for them before; and the jewels and lace (heir-looms they were, and very precious too)—the jewels and lace still remained in the possession of the dowager. It was, in short, a civil way of asking her to give them up. The dowager bowed, saying—"Lady H. shall have them." The young lord was of an impatient spirit. He said that he wished to see how they became his lady, and, in fact, requested that the dress and jewels might be immediately produced. The dowager gave the key to one of her attendants, and shortly after the things were taken into the bride's room. It was a chamber of state, hung with white satin draperies embroidered in rosebuds. The toilette was of remarkable magnificence; an antique silver-rimmed mirror stood on the carved table; there were chased silver candlesticks, and a lamp of curious, ancient pattern, to burn for the night.

The young bride ran up stairs and decked herself in the gay lace robe. It was of inestimable value, I have been told; of most exquisite point, worked in a foreign nunnery: the jewels I need not describe, as your ladyship now possesses them all.

The late lord told me that he was standing in one of the windows of the eating-room; the door was open, so that he could see a figure come down the stair, and along the great hall. He heard voices and looked up. He told me that he saw her come down the great staircase, her train held up by two of the young ladies; they went into the hall, and she stood there, the diamonds gleaming in her pale, golden hair. Sunlight shining on her bright head, she looked all white, radiant, transfigured into an extreme glory of loveliness. Her

husband approached; she held out both her hands, and sung a short measure, dancing as she moved towards him. The dowager was looking on; jealous wrath flashed over her face; she turned away.

That night all were busy dressing themselves to the best advantage. Oh! for the truthful memoirs of a mirror—a long mirror—a wide mirror—my lady's mirror, at which she has powdered, painted, patched, and mended her face for fifty years. Ah, vanity of vanities! on thy smooth surface there is no change, yet how many a bitter change doth there appear! Thou smooth deceiver; thou long-trusted confidant, so gradually dost thou reveal thy unpleasant truths, that they lose the horror of their novelty, and we slip from youth to age, from beauty to deformity, without the sharp consciousness of rapid change and sudden decay!

Lady H.'s attendant had left her almost dressed; all was adjusted save her diamond necklace. The clasp was clumsy, and the snap difficult to close. She stood alone, her door was open. The late lord, your grandfather, had just left his own room, having finished his toilet. His apartment was the one next to the bride's. He saw the elder Lady H. coming along the passage. He drew near to speak to her, and as he did so, he heard the young lady say,—“Who will help me with this?” She turned to the door and he saw her. The delicate face fell round her slender and beautiful form; there were jewels in her tiny ears and in her yellow hair; her arms were half bare, and hanging sleeves fell from her elbows. The dowager looked round sharply but steadily into the room, and then turned in. Her son saw no more; he went down the stair. He heard a wild shriek—another, another, a flaming figure dashed past him, there were people hurrying to and fro—screams, sobs, then silence.

She died that night. An hour before her death she begged to be left alone with her husband; with great difficulty this was granted. No one knows

what she told him; but after her funeral he left the manor. A month after he was heard of in France; but though the late lord went in search of him he could not find him. A twelvemonth passed, and a letter arrived by an express to inform the family that Lord H. was in confinement in a madhouse at Paris. The stepmother of the unfortunate young man immediately set out. She travelled night and day; and when she reached Paris she went to the place from which the letter was dated. She saw the young man, but he cursed her to her face, and flying on her almost strangled her.

Very disagreeable reports were spread about the country. It was said that the young lord lay for nights on the bare ground, screaming that he saw a figure that scorched him as she passed; that flames shone perpetually on the wall; that she came with taper fingers tipped with fire, and passed them over his brow that burnt like brimstone. He died raving mad about six months before the dowager. She never recovered her long attendance on him; she never left Paris till after his death, and then her own son became Lord H., and she returned to the manor.

The night before she died she was sitting up in her bed when her woman came in with the composing draught that she had been preparing. She cried—“Oh, Hannah! Hannah! look there—there! See, their faces shine through the walls on me; their eyes are hell-hot, and their breath burns me. Help! help!” She screamed on so till she died.

I have often stood beneath the elm-trees of Cranmore, listening to the wild liquid strains of the nightingales that sing there the whole of the summer nights, and then I have wondered more than ever how in so sweet a home a deed so diabolical could be conceived and perpetrated.

ALL THE UNIVERSE IN MOTION.—If, for a moment, we imagine the acuteness of our senses preternaturally heightened to the extreme limits of telescopic vision, and bring together events separated by wide intervals of time, the apparent repose which reigns in space will suddenly vanish, countless stars will be seen moving in groups in various directions; nebulae wandering, condensing, are dissolving, like cosmical clouds; the milky way breaking up in parts, and its veil rent asunder. In every point of the celestial vault, we should recognize the dominion of progressive movement, as on the surface of the earth, where vegetation is constantly putting forth its leaves and buds, and unfolding its blossoms. The celebrated Spanish botanist, Cavanilles, first conceived the possibility of “seeing grass grow,” by placing the horizontal micrometer wire of a telescope, with a high magnifying power, at one time on the point of a bamboo-shoot, and at another on the rapidly unfolding flowering stem of an American aloe; precisely as the astronomer places the cross wires on a culminating star. Throughout the whole life of physical nature—in the organic as in the sidereal world—existence, preservation, production, and development, are alike associated with motion as their essential condition.—*Humboldt's “Cosmos.”*

REMARKABLE ACCUMULATION OF ICE.—When Captain Parry's ships, *Hecla* and *Griper*, were on their Arctic voyage, the month of March set in mildly, (at their retreat in Winter Harbor,) so that the solid ice, which for some time had lined the ships' sides, began to melt. It therefore became necessary to scrape off this coating of ice, on which occasion Captain Parry observes—“It will, perhaps, be scarcely credited, that we this day (March 8) removed above one hundred buckets full, each containing from five to six gallons, being the accumulation which had taken place in an interval of less than four weeks; and this immense quantity was the produce chiefly of the men's breath and of the steam of their victuals during meals.”

SCIENTIFIC COOKERY.—Liebig, in his *Chemistry of Food*, recommends the following method of cooking meat on scientific principles. Put the joint into water in a state of fast ebullition; allow it to remain in this state for a few minutes, and then add so much cold water as to reduce the temperature to about 160 degrees, in which state it is to be kept for some hours. By the application of boiling water at first, the albumen is coagulated, so as to prevent the water from penetrating the meat, and extracting the soluble juices.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

A TRANSLATION, OR RATHER ADAPTATION, FROM A
SWEDISH TALE BY ANDERSEN.

LITTLE Gretchen, little Gretchen,
Wanders up and down the street;
The snow is on her yellow hair,
The frost is at her feet.

The rows of long dark houses
Without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam,
By the flicker of the lamp.

The clouds ride fast as horses,
The wind is from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen,
And no one looketh forth.

Within those dark, damp houses
Are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out
The old year's latest night.

The board is spread with plenty,
Where the smiling kindred meet,
But the frost is on the pavement,
And the beggars in the street.

With the little box of matches
She could not sell all day,
And the thin, thin tattered mantle,
The wind blows every way.

She clingeth to the railing,
She shivers in the gloom—
There are parents sitting snugly
By firelight in the room;

And groups of busy children
Withdrawing just the tips
Of rosy fingers pressed in vain
Against their burning lips,

With grave and earnest faces
Are whispering each other
Of presents for the new year, made
For father or for mother.

But no one talks to Gretchen,
And no one hears her speak;
No breath of little whisperers
Comes warmly to her cheek;

No little arms are round her;
Ah me! that there should be,
With so much happiness on earth,
So much of misery.

Sure they of many blessings
Should scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs in autumn fling
Their ripe fruits to the ground.

And the best love man can offer
To the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to his little ones,
And bounty to his poor.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen
Goes coldly on her way;
There 's no one looketh out at her,
There 's no one bids her stay.

Her home is cold and desolate,
No smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread,
And an impatient sire.

So she sits down in an angle,
Where two great houses meet,
And she curleth up beneath her,
For warmth, her little feet.

And she looketh on the cold wall,
And on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars
Are bright fires up on high.

She heard a clock strike slowly,
Up in a far church tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone,
Telling the midnight hour.

Then all the bells together
Their merry music poured;
They were ringing in the feast,
The circumcision of the Lord.

And she thought as she sat lonely,
And listened to the chime,
Of wondrous things that she had loved
To hear in the olden time.

And she remembered her of tales
Her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle songs she sang
When summer's twilight fell,

Of good men and of angels,
And of the Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger,
When winter was most wild;

Who was poor, and cold, and hungry,
And desolate and lone;
And she thought the song had told
He was ever with his own.

And all the poor and hungry,
And forsaken ones, are his;
"How good of him to look on me,
In such a place as this!"

Colder it grows and colder,
But she does not feel it now,
For the pressure at her heart,
And the weight upon her brow.

But she struck one little match
On the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her,
And see if He were there.

The single match has kindled,
And, by the light it threw,
It seemed to little Gretchen
The wall was rent in two.

And she could see the room within,
The room all warm and bright,
With the fire-glow red and dusky,
And the tapers all alight.

And there were kindred gathered
Round the table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands,
Red wine, and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant savor,
She could hear what they did say;
Then all was darkness once again,
The match had burned away.

She struck another hastily,
And now she seemed to see,
Within the same warm chamber,
A glorious Christmas tree.

The branches were all laden
 With such things as children prize,
 Bright gift for boy and maiden,
 She saw them with her eyes.

And she almost seemed to touch them,
 And to join the welcome shout;
 When darkness fell around her,
 For the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she
 Has tried, they will not light,
 Till all her little store she took,
 And struck with all her might.

And the whole miserable place
 Was lighted with the glare,
 And lo, there hung a little child
 Before her in the air.

There were blood-drops on his forehead,
 And a spear-wound in his side,
 And cruel nail-prints in his feet,
 And in his hands spread wide.

And he looked upon her gently,
 And she felt that he had known
 Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow,
 Ay, equal to her own.

And he pointed to the laden board,
 And to the Christmas tree,
 Then up to the cold sky, and said,
 "Will Gretchen come with me?"

The poor child felt her pulses fail,
 She felt her eyeballs swim,
 And a ringing sound was in her ears,
 Like her dead mother's hymn.

And she folded both her thin white hands,
 And turned from that bright board,
 And from the golden gifts, and said,
 "With thee, with thee, O Lord."

The chilly winter morning
 Breaks up in the dull skies,
 On the city wrapt in vapor,
 On the spot where Gretchen lies.

The night was wild and stormy,
 The morn is cold and gray,
 And good church bells are ringing,
 Christ's circumcision day.

And holy men were praying
 In many a holy place;
 And little children's angels
 Sing songs before his face.

In her scant and tattered garment,
 With her back against the wall;
 She sitteth cold and rigid,
 She answers not their call.

They have lifted her up fearfully,
 They shuddered as they said,
 "It was a bitter, bitter night,
 The child is frozen dead."

The angels sang their greeting,
 For one more redeemed from sin;
 Men said, "It was a bitter night,
 Would no one let her in?"

And they shuddered as they spoke of her,
 And sighed: they could not see,
 How much of happiness there was,
 With so much misery.

THE SOUL'S PASSING.

"The Soul's Passing" is the title of a touching poem in a late "London Athenæum." A husband is looking upon the scarce cold form of his dead wife:—

Take her faded hand in thine—
 Hand that no more answereth kindly;
 See the eyes, were wont to shine,
 Uttering love, now staring blindly;
 Tender-hearted, speech departed—
 Speech that echoed so divinely.

Runs no more the circling river,
 Warming, brightening every part;
 There it slumbereth cold forever—
 No more merry leap and start,
 No more flushing cheeks to blushing—
 In its silent home the heart!

Hope not answered to your praying!
 Cold, responseless lies she there;
 Death, that ever will be slaying
 Something gentle, something fair,
 Came with numbers soft as slumbers—
 She is with Him elsewhere.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
 Give me the man who'll say,
 Where'er a good deed 's to be done,
 Let 's do the deed to-day.

We may all command the present,
 If we act and never wait;
 But repentance is the phantom
 Of the past, that comes too late.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
 There is much to do to-day
 That can never be accomplished
 If we throw the hours away.

Every moment has its duty—
 Who the future can foretell?
 Then why put off till to-morrow
 What to-day can do as well?

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
 If we look upon the past,
 How much that we have left to do
 We cannot do at last!

To-day! it is the only time
 For all on this frail earth;
 It takes an age to form a life,
 A moment gives it birth.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.—Prov. xxvii. 19.

SWEET thoughts come sometimes floating o'er the mind,

We know not whence; seemeth to us they grew
 In our soul's inner garden; were designed
 By our own pencil; ardent, artless, new,
 Just borne to being's joyfulness. When, lo!

Some page we open, never turned before,
 And there they meet us; lovely but the more,
 As clad in vestments of a brighter glow,
 And in the drap'ry of a richer frame.

And thus daguerreotypes thoughts often seem
 Which but similitudes 't were wise to deem;
 For as in water answereth face to face,
 So minds upon their inner hist'ry trace
 Impressions oft-times kindred—or the same.

A. W. M.

NEW BOOKS.

The Power of Goodness; A Sermon commemorative of the Life and Character of the late JAMES MACDONALD, M. D., preached in St. George's Church, Flushing, on the 5th Sunday after Easter, 1849, by John D. Ogilby, D. D.

We have read this with the deepest interest, both on account of the subject, and the admirable and judicious manner in which it is treated. The professor avoids the tones of fulsome adulation and vague panegyric which are often indulged in on such occasions, while he beautifully delineates the lovely character of his departed friend, and sets before those whom he addresses his example, as far as he was a follower of Christ. The consistency of his conduct as a man and a Christian, his devotion, constant and untiring to the duties of his station, his sympathetic and refined humanity in the performance of those duties; his conscientious regard for his religious obligations; and his Christian resignation, faith and hope, in the hour of departure, are set forth with the fidelity and profound feeling of a deeply attached friend. Dr. Macdonald had been for some years the family physician of the preacher, who had thus learned both to know his value and worth, and to lament his loss by separation from his friends on earth.—*Churchman*.

A Blind Man's Offering. By B. B. Bowen. 1850.

This is the title of a very neat duodecimo volume, containing some fifty or sixty articles on various subjects, all written in a pleasing manner, and calculated to win esteem and commiseration for the author, who is blind, and who gives some account of himself in the commencement, by which we learn that he was one of six originally selected by Dr. Howe to form the school for the blind in Massachusetts. Mr. Bowen will wait in person on our citizens, when, we trust, those who are anxious to procure a good and pleasant book, as well as those who, without such a wish, can sympathize with a fellow-man who has lost his sight in the tender years of infancy, and who has consequently to grope his way through life, deprived of the greatest of God's blessings, will all cheerfully purchase a copy.—*Republic*.

Morris & Willis' Home Journal occupies a place of more importance in its moral relations than, as we suspect, is commonly supposed. It is devoted to the discussion of subjects relating to literature, art, social intercourse, and amusements, and is read by great numbers, whose opinions are probably influenced by it more than by graver methods of instruction. In treating these subjects, the *Home Journal* will almost invariably be found on the honorable, manly, and humane side. Mr. Willis, the principal editor, is second to no other in this country in the native endowments of a poet, and in his peculiar department he holds an almost equal place as a prose writer. Every number of the *Home Journal* contains columns sparkling with wit and humor, and brilliant descriptions; while beneath all there is a substantial basis of good sense, for which he has not always had the credit due to him. When he discusses matters of importance, there is found a dignity, discrimination and sobriety of judgment which always command attention; and in the few controversies into which he has been led, he has shown himself to possess such powers that few persons would choose him for an antagonist, unless they were to have the advantage of wind and sun. There are so many papers which address the taste for light reading of so worthless a description, that we are glad to see that one of so high a character as this, meets with a large and constantly growing public patronage.—*Christian Register*.

The American Illuminated Abbotsford Edition of Waverley. New York: Hewet, Tillotson & Co. Illustrated by H. W. Hewet.

A few days ago we spoke of the publication of "Ivanhoe," the romance selected by the publishers as the pioneer volume of their beautiful edition of the Waverleys. We would again call attention to this American edition, as an undertaking of great cost and labor, which should receive the support of the reading public. In the respects of paper, print, and general style of production, it is everything that could be wished, both as a book to read and as an ornament to the library. Both in matter and manner it is a correct copy of the Abbotsford volumes, which received the last emendations of its illustrious author.—*Boston Post*.

Dark Scenes of History. By G. P. R. James. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In this department of writing, James has certainly an uncommon degree of vigorous descriptive talent. The present work is redeemed from the verbose common-place of his more elaborate productions, by the fact that it is composed of a series of short stories, of less ambitious character, and more completely within his grasp. He has shown great judgment in the selection of his topics, and handled them with more than his usual facility and effect. Among the "Dark Scenes" which he brings to light are the histories of "Perkin Warbeck," "The Albigenses," "Wallenstein," "The last days of the Templars." They are portrayed with the rich coloring for which the author is distinguished, and will add to his reputation among his numerous admirers.—*Tribune*.

The Gallery of Illustrious Americans.

A few weeks ago the public were interested by an announcement, that, with the new year, would commence the publication of this Gallery, in a style superior to anything which had gone before it. There are so many pompous announcements made of enterprises which are never carried out, and so many pledges given of this kind, which are never redeemed, that we can hardly express our satisfaction, on finding that the first number has more than made good all the promises which were given. It contains a magnificently engraved portrait of General Taylor, which, in beauty of execution, striking resemblance, naturalness of expression, and artistic effect, surpasses anything of the kind we have ever seen of him, and, we must confess, of anybody else. The engraving is made by Mr. D. Avignon, the celebrated French artist, from a splendid daguerreotype of the largest size, by Mr. Brady. This number contains five sheets, printed on drawing paper of imperial folio size; the first being the title-page, the second the "Salutation," the third and fourth a Biographical Sketch, and the fifth the portrait, all enclosed in a beautiful printed buff cover, which, in addition to serving the purpose of a portfolio for the numbers, turns out to be an exquisitely printed, and an exceedingly able and interesting, journal of art, criticism, and advertisements which concern the progress of taste and literature.

The entire design of the Gallery is original; and the type and paper, and, indeed, the whole work, surpasses anything that we have ever seen as a specimen of the art of typography. From the publication of such a work, every American may take pride and pleasure. We are glad, too, that the price is put at a dollar a number, which brings it within the reach of nearly all of our citizens. Such works, when published abroad, are confined in their circulation, of necessity, to the upper classes; their circulation is small, and their price enormous. With us, everything can be sold cheap, because the consumers are numerous. It was a bold enterprise to undertake the publication of this Gallery, in the superb style in which it now appears; and we confess we had no expectation of ever seeing, in this country, so magnificent a specimen of the printing art. We hope that all our public men will encourage the enterprise, and that literary men, universities, and schools of learning, libraries, and institutions of art, will everywhere encourage this work, that it may be but the beginning of other enterprises equally superb and exalted in their character and influence. It is so large that it cannot be sent by the mails, without greatly injuring its beauty by close rolling or folding; but, thanks to the many vigilant and rapid expresses which run now to almost every portion of the country, the work can be sent in every direction. It is published by John Wiley, G. P. Putnam, D. Appleton & Co. The principal depot is at Mr. Brady's Gallery, No. 205 Broadway, although we see it for sale in all the principal bookstores. Every person connected with it deserves credit for the superb style in which it appears; and we doubt not it will be greeted warmly and kindly by the whole country.—*Evening Mirror*.

A New Work on Italy.

It is announced that the late Miss Margaret Fuller, now styled in the *Tribune* the Marchioness Ossoli, has a work in preparation on the recent revolutions in Italy. It will probably be published before the close of the winter, simultaneously in New York and London. The same paper adds: "We have some reason to expect her return to this country next summer, accompanied by her husband and child."

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Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the Living Age is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1848.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.